

Poems,
Songs,
Ballads

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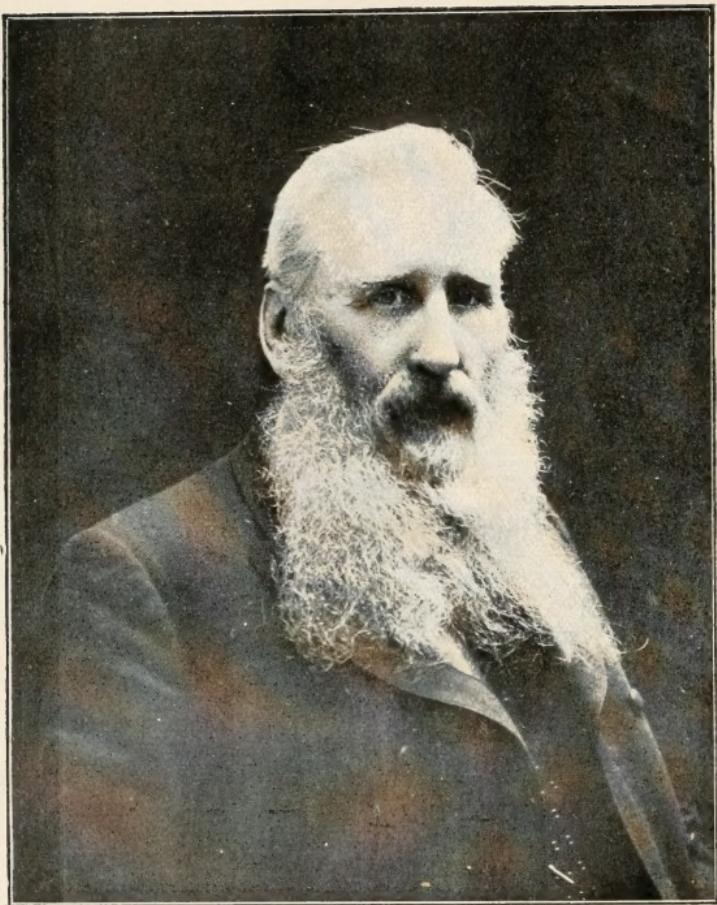


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Carroll Ryan
1903



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Yours as ever
Carroll Ryan

POEMS, SONGS, BALLADS

BY

CARROLL RYAN.

“There lived a man.”

—MONTGOMERY.

(Illustrations by Alonzo Ryan)

MONTRÉAL
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MY SONG.

To understand the song I sing
 You must know grief like mine,
And out of love's immortal spring
 Drink life's divinest wine.

Ah, you must love, and lose, and learn
 What these alone can tell,
When thoughts of flame transcendent burn,
 Like bolts, when angels fell.

O, you must know what 'tis to stand
 Alone 'mid boundless night,
To search in darkness for a hand
 To guide your way aright,
Yet find it not; to hear no sound,
 No promise in the gloom—
A spirit in a void profound—
 The universe a tomb.

MY SONG.

If, having swooned upon the shore
 Of time, and tasted death,
You wander back to life once more
 And feel returning breath,
While memory recalls the strain,
 Triumphant, sweet and strong,
That came with death, that ended pain,
 You'll understand my song.

THE CONVENT PORTER.

He was an ancient, bearded man,
Within the archway seated,
Who through the summer, lone and long,
His Rosary repeated.

He rang the bell for Matin prayers,
At noontide for the reapers,
And, when the evening shadows fell,
He rang it for the keepers;
And, sometimes, too, he tolled a knell
For everlasting sleepers.

From day to day he said his beads,
Within the archway staying;
The sun arising found him there,
And, setting, left him praying.

THE CONVENT PORTER.

On him would little hands attend,
And little footfalls pattered
Around him; where the fig trees bend,
Where purple treasures scattered;
The whisp'ring cypress was his friend,
For him the ivy chattered.

But seldom at that Convent gate
A traveller dismounted;
The outer world of love and hate
Passed by it unaccounted,
Monotonous, and quaint, and calm,
The prayerful seasons glided,
The vesper hymn and morning psalm
The days alone divided,
That by the dial, near the palm,
Were left but undecided.

So years went by, until one day
The night cloud, westward rolling,
Came round the Friar's dim retreat,
Without the Vesper tolling.



THE CONVENT PORTER.

THE CONVENT PORTER.

The birds still sang on ivy sprays,
The children still were playing,
The Porter, as in former days,
Seemed Rosaries still saying;
But Death had found his quiet ways,
And took the old man praying.

STRADA SAN GIOVANNI.

'Tis a quiet little by-way,
Steep and rugged as Parnassus,
Leading from the noisy highway
Filled with Carbonari asses.
Lofty houses lean above it,
Whispering like neighbors canny;
Still in memory I love it—
Dingy Strada San Giovanni.

Shrined in niches on the corners,
Saints and martyrs smile down grimly
On the unbelieving scorners
Stalking through the twilight dimly,
Going no one knoweth whither,
By the Casa Frangipani
Where the votive flowers wither
In old Strada San Giovanni.

STRADA SAN GIOVANNI.

When the summer days were weary
With the breathings of Sirocco,
Blowing with persistence dreary,
Red and sultry from Morocco,
Pleasant was that shady alley,
When there were not passers many,
Like an ancient cliff-walled valley—
Lonely Strada San Giovanni.

With her cushion, making laces,
Deftly working like a fairy,
Fairest of the island graces,
Little Anna Camelleri
Sat upon her doorstep singing,
Giving little heed to any;
To and fro her bobbins flinging
In old Strada San Giovanni.

Gentle, dark-eyed little maiden—
Dream of unforgotten pleasure—
With her tresses, coin o'erladen,
All her dowry and her treasure.

STRADA SAN GIOVANNI.

Long ago!—While multiplying
Shadows gather thick and many,
Still a sunbeam, time-defying,
Shines in Strada San Giovanni.

CAPRIAN WINE.

Bring me a cup of the vintage of Capri,
Odors of violets flooding its brim;
Here, in the cold north, I would be happy,
Calling up memories misty and dim.
Memories carried, like Orient treasure,
Over the seas to the homes of the West,
Gathered by hearts palpitating with pleasure.
Locked in the casket of love in my breast.

Voices that sound like the wind in the cedars.
Come with the odors of Capri to me,
With hands that were faithful and tireless weavers,
In gardens of life reaching down to the sea.
Thirst of my spirit this vintage can slaken,
Time, sorrow and distance, like clouds, disappear.
Long silent singers their strains re-awaken,
The brave and the noble who perished are here.

CAPRIAN WINE.

Up from the beaker, as up from the ocean,
 Visions arise like the beautiful dead;
Coming in dreams, with a living emotion,
 And pale fingers parting the curtains of dread.
Rosy cheeks nestling adown in white pillows,
 Fanned by the wings that are not for our gaze,
Hoary heads sinking fast under the billows,
 Driven by tempests for many long days.

Lost in the past, like the victims who perished,
 Hurled from the cliff by the tyrant of old;
Who has their names or their memories cherished,
 Who has the tale of their mystery told?
Violets bloom where the loving are lying,
 They breathe in the odor and smile in the vine;
Kiss, rosy lips, separation defying,—
 I bless thee for giving this Caprian Wine.

MY MOUNTAIN HOME.

The trees have grown so stout and tall
 Around my dear old mountain home.
The Pine, the Oak, the Maple—all
 That answer to the winds that roam,
About the ivied hall.

Among their shadows long ago
 My youth, all passionate and wild,
Chased phantoms I have learned to know
 Could only haunt a dreaming child
Unreconciled to woe.

With wonder through their branches high,
 I looked on each mysterious star,
And thought, if I were then to die,
 My soul would rise and soar afar
Untrammeled through the sky.

MY MOUNTAIN HOME.

Here was my father's fav'rite seat
And there was oft my mother's place:
The path is worn by many feet,
But she will nevermore retrace
Her way to this retreat.

Time rolls along its ceaseless wave,
And years on weary years have past.
Since through those trees, so tall and brave,
The red October's blighting blast
Strewed leaves upon her grave.

Now others share her lowly sleep
Who then were dear—the old, the young—
Still I must toil along the deep,
With heart by many sorrows wrung,
And watch, and wait, and weep.

THE ELM TREE.

Old giant from the days we call primeval,
In solitary greatness rooted there;
Lifting thy splendid head in pride coeval
With the dark mountain to the higher air.

A grand old elm, but not an elm tree only,
For in thee dwells the spirit of the years.
The passer sees thee standing vast and lonely—
To him no awful presence there appears.

He does not see the phantoms thee surrounding,
Nor hear the voices from thy branches call,
Nor the low echoes from the rocks resounding;
Thy myst'ry cannot be resolved by all.

THE ELM TREE.

But there is one within my father's dwelling,
Who from his window gazes out on thee.
He knows, Old Tree, the tale that thou art telling,
He hears and sees what none else hear or see.

Thou hast a secret, Old Elm, worth the keeping,
We children knew it not in early days;
But they who far beyond thy shade are sleeping
Revealed it to us ere they went their ways.

God pity us who sadly wait with shrinking,
Like one sweet spirit for the falling leaf.
O, Brother, mine! in darkness I am thinking
Of severed branches and a scattered sheaf.

Down the long road that dips into the valley
The love-crowned visions of our youth have fled;
While like lost mariners we keep a tally
Of the sad years in desolation sped.



THE ELM TREE.

THE ELM TREE.

But O, remember, in these doubtful mazes
There is a fountain by the elm tree blest,
And the weird presence in its branches gazes
Through hope's bright portal in the happy west.

AN OLD TORONTO BOY.

“Take care, Old Man!” “I thank you, sir.”
“What street is this I’m on?”
“King-street.” “And can you tell me where
I’ll find the Helicon?”
“There’s no such place. But if you are
A stranger, you can go
To the Rossin, it is not far.”
“Across the street?” “Just so.”

King street—a stranger—let me think
Rise up, ye stones, and tell
The memories that sweetly link
Crocus with asphodel.
The faces look Toronto-like.
I feel my mother earth.
St. James’ clock! I hear it strike.
This is my place of birth.

AN OLD TORONTO BOY.

But Oh, how changed! I look along
The old familiar street.

The bellman, yes, I hear his song,
And the tramp of vanished feet.
Toronto! I could fall and kiss
The very ground I tread.

O, Mother! Father! Sisters! this
Is speaking with the dead.

'Twas here that I first learned to be,
To read, to write, to row,

'Twas here I learned my A B C,
Some sixty years ago.

'Twas here that I became a man—
First knew of love the joy.

'Twas here the strange, wild race began
Of an Old Toronto Boy.

ISLE OF MEMORY.

L'ultimo, lasso, de miei giorni allegri,
Che pochi no visto in questo, viver breve.

Petrarca, Sonetto CCLXXXIV.

O, most dear to memory
Is that Island in the sea,
Where the wild purple passion-flower blooms;
There the breezes sink to sleep
On the bosom of the deep,
Made drowsy with the weight of sweet perfumes.

There the towers darkly frown
High above the subject town,
Where the banner of the Master floats no more;
And the sound of convent bells
From the valley upward swells,
And the Lotus-eaters dream upon the shore.

ISLE OF MEMORY.

There a saint's uplifted hand
Pours a blessing on the land,
And pilgrims kneel before the lighted fane;
And the old heroic past
Throws a shadow dim and vast,
Like a giant's, from the mountain to the plain.

Now my heart beats faint and slow
In this land of storm and snow,
As I picture to myself that happy scene;
But the beautiful was mine,
In the land of song and wine,
And my soul rejoices now that such has been.

SENTENCED TO DEATH.

I must die on Friday the first.

I have three weeks more to repent.

Thank heaven! I now know the worst

Of the law that will never relent.

But why should I grieve or be sad?

What is there in death that is worth

A thought to a spirit who had

More reason for terror in birth?

But I'm not alone in my doom,

Though fixed are my moments of breath;

I walk on the path to the tomb

With millions—all sentenced to death!

What is life? When hunger is fed,

Curiosity all satisfied,

We wearily turn on our bed

And sleep a long sleep undenied.

SENTENCED TO DEATH.

They talk of the mercy of God,
 Of Jesus who died for my sins,—
A toss-up among rascals who nod
 Approval when worst rascal wins!
Well, let them go on with their game;
 I, at least, am no hypocrite vile:
In the depths of my sorrow and shame,
 I can turn from their gods with a smile.

If the mercy of God were like theirs,
 Could words its malignancy tell?
Hang the wretch! He's a fellow who dares
 To think, and then send him to hell;
The villain who robbed me of all
 That gave satisfaction to breath,
I slew as a serpent in coil—
 I sentenced and sent *him* to death.

Civilization and progress—all cant,
 Hypocrisy, subterfuge, sham!
Religion that runs into rant
 Expires while muttering “Damn!”

SENTENCED TO DEATH.

Condemn me to death! Very good!
What care I for rope or for knife;
I stand where all martyrs have stood;
You cannot condemn me to life!

But the God who is Lord over all
Will look into my heart, and He knows
The agony, wormwood and gall,
The insults, the lashes, the blows.
He has hidden and He will reveal;
"Tis mine to pass under the rod.
From the sentence of man I appeal
To the justice eternal of God.

A DREAM-SONG.

A love-song died on my heart in a dream
That I dreamed in the long ago,
But an echo of that sweet song would seem
Thro' my being ever to flow.
I never can catch the words or the tune,
Though often and often I try,
The syllables fail, like an ancient rune,
The melody breaks in a sigh.

And sometimes I pause when I hear the note
Of a bird, or the laugh of a child;
Then into my spirit there seems to float
A part of the song that beguiled.
The winds in the pines have an echo sweet
Of the memory deep and strong.
And even the voices up from the street
Have sounds like my beautiful song.

A DREAM SONG.

But the chords will break and the words will fail,
For my thought has a thousand wings;
And in place of my song I hear the wail
The lost to my memory brings.
I know that I never shall hear my song,
All sung as it was long ago,
Till the shadows of life are dark and long,
And my footsteps gentle and slow.

When the sounds of the strife grow faint and far—
And the thought of the storm, between
The rise of the glorious morning star
And the setting that is not seen,
Have faded all from my spirit away,
While sorrow and pain will but seem,
The song that died on my heart that day
Will return and restore my dream.

THE PARTING GUEST.

Oh, sigh no more for the days that are gone—
Dim shadows of ghosts that are dumb—
What if this sunset be lurid or wan,
There's a glorious sunrise to come.

What if the friends you have cherished be dead?
The woman you loved be untrue?
They are the losers of heavenly bread,
And wine of good living—not you.

Have you not supped with the gods in your time,
With Psyche to gladden the night?
Tasted the rapture of love in its prime
Along with the children of light?

THE PARTING GUEST.

Unbidden a guest at the banquet of life
 All naked you came and were clad:
Hungry we fed you—we gave you a wife,
 And thirsty, our wine made you glad.

Riches we gave you—our gems and our gold—
 We loved you, and made you our king—
Taught you our wisdom—the secret we told
 Of serpent, of rose, and of ring.

Now a last favor, we open the gate,
 That you may pass out and away;
Here, it is ordered, must ev'ryone wait,
 But none is permitted to stay.

HERE AND NOW.

I hold that all mankind can be
Made happy if they will,
That Evil's a monstrosity
Which Love and Truth can kill;

That Kindness, as a law of life,
Will make our joys increase;
That Death is but a truce to strife
Before a lasting peace.

Although our lives imperfect be,
They can be perfect made,
And glorified Humanity
In all our works displayed.

HERE AND NOW.

A noble thing to nobler leads,
The great succeeds the small,
To glorious thoughts, and words, and deeds,
We all are heirs of all.

All things the good and wise have taught
Through ages dark and long—
The victories for which they fought—
To us by right belong.

We are the heirs of God-like sires—
The children of the Sun—
Who in our souls retain the fires
That once Prometheus won.

From day to day, from year to year,
'Tis ours to think and do;
To know no creed that teaches fear,
But only seek the true.

HERE AND NOW.

To be at peace with all mankind,
Do good whene'er we can,
And with a common blessing bind
The brotherhood of man.

IN EXILE.

An angel with a flaming sword
Has shut me out of Paradise,
For I have sinned before the Lord,
And exile is my sacrifice.

Yet I am brother to the stars—
I know the path that they must tread,
Since, fighting in angelic wars,
The lightnings circle round my head.

No bolt can kill this living soul,
Though chaos black blot out the day,
And heaven, like a shrivelled scroll,
Burn up, dissolve, and pass away.

IN EXILE.

Before the birth of mother night,
From whom came all created things,
My spirit came on endless flight,
The past and future are its wings.

Son of the Morning, in my hand
I bear a torch from other spheres;
Its light will spread o'er every land,
And shine thro' all the coming years.

For ye shall know me by a sign,
When fire is kindled at my breath,
And comes a messenger divine,
Whose form is life, whose shadow death !

AT PEACE

O, footsteps sounding in the night
 Along the empty city street,
Go ye, like me, in laggard flight,
 Your doom to meet?

Or go ye to a region blest
 Some place of quiet—call it home,
Where you may ease your toil and rest,
 While I must roam?

O, voices, calling through the gloom,
 Speak ye but to my heart alone
Of hope that rises o'er the doom
 Which I bemoan?

AT PEACE.

Or are ye echoes of the past,
When love was young and life was glad,
When nothing could a shadow cast,
Or make me sad?

O, music falling from the stars,
A promise of the things to be
When, passed beyond these mortal bars,
I will be free,

Art thou the spirit of the sphere
Where dwells the love I thought was dead?
Spirit of beauty! thou art near;
I hear thy tread!

O, footsteps, voices, music, all
I ever knew to love, behold
I've drawn the curtain, spread the pall,
My hearth is cold!

AT PEACE.

All silent now, I hear no sound,
And soon the throbbing heart must cease.
A mighty presence wraps me round.
I am at peace.

THE GIFT OF WISDOM.

My spirit bids defiance to decay.
I am not old. This body may grow weak,
Its senses fail and all its wondrous powers
Collapse and sink in death, but I will rise
Immortal o'er the ruin and ascend
To join the host invisible to men
Sojourning here. As I have thought and toiled
To make myself fit for the company
Of god-like souls of those whom you call dead,
But who, I know, are living grand and free
In spheres transcendent, so I hope to be
Translated on my merits. If I've failed
In my high purpose, self-conquest, victory
O'er sordid things, low passions, mean desires,
Ambition for a place in men's esteem,

THE GIFTS OF WISDOM.

To that extent of failure I must share
The company of others like myself.
But there I will be satisfied, because
I know with kindred spirits I would be,
And go on striving, as I did on earth,
To rise to higher things.

For wisdom I
Have prayed and, like the sage of ancient days,
I found that wisdom is increase of sorrow.
But in that sorrow was a secret balm,
Laid on my heart in one swift flash of light
When I stood face to face with God alone.
For one ecstatic moment, Lo! the veil,
Which hides the mystery of life was drawn,
And the great deep to its remotest bound
Was all revealed.

My sorrow is no more;
I have no fear. I know, for I have seen
The orb ineffable, and am content.

THE GIFTS OF WISDOM.

Misfortune now may come, the tempest rage,
Pain, sorrow, suffering, the scorn of men,
Hunger and poverty, aye, Death itself,
O'erwhelm this mortal. I can bear them all,
Because I know their meaning and their end.
And when the time for my departure comes,
I'll cast away this robe of flesh, and rise
Triumphant in the love that gave to me
The gift of wisdom ere I left the earth.

VERA.

Dear child, I know not if thy poor old father,
Who mourns for thee in silence and alone,
May in a long neglected garden gather
Sweet blossoms in forgotten beauty grown.

But I will go where thy dear hands have planted
True thoughts that blossom into deeds of love,
There I will pray and, if my prayer be granted,
'Twill not be long before we meet above.

Creatures beloved with sad beseeching eyes,
The fields, the trees, the hills, the distant lake,
Are blessed for their many memories
Of thee, and glorified for thy dear sake.

VERA.

Not thou, but I, should have been snatched from life,
I had my day, but thou was't fair and young,
For I am old and weary of the strife,
While thy sweet psalm of life was all unsung.

But this is not the whole of life. In dreaming
I oft behold thee coming from afar,
With high immortal love and beauty beaming,
A messenger from some more happy star.

The few short years of time that we have reckon'd
Were but the fragments of an endless sphere;
Thy mission finished, higher duties beckon'd—
Not thy beginning, nor thy ending here.

The pure and good, who bless the earth, must die—
Wrong reigns triumphant—love is void of breath;
While flaunting vice in health robust goes by,
Lean wretchedness in vain implores for death.

VERA.

Ah, surely, God! to us so poor and lonely,
Might have been left this flow'r of winter years;
We had so little! Of our treasure only
Remains a memory embalmed in tears.

But Oh, for death I thank Thee God, my Father!
I have no terrors. I will not despair.
Thy will be done! In death no shadows gather.
I could not keep her here, nor lose her there.

THE RAINBOW.

I chased a rainbow in my youth
To seek a pot of gold;
I found it not, but find a truth,
Now I am growing old.
The rainbow arched the tearful skies,
The sunlight shining through,
And where it touched the earth a prize
Must surely be, I knew.

High hills, low vales I travelled o'er,
O'er ocean, too, I sped;
The golden treasure still before,
And still the rainbow fled.
Meantime the years were gliding by,
And I was growing old;
Yet still the rainbow filled my eye,
My heart the pot of gold.

THE RAINBOW.

At last the sun began to set
 Beyond the outer rim
Where sea and sky commingling met,
 Then all around grew dim.
My rainbow faded, and I cried,
 For I was weak and old;—
O, I had lost my Iris guide,
 And missed my pot of gold.

Then darkness hemmed me all about,
 The sea and sky were black,
My farther way was one of doubt—
 If forward, or if back.
Then to my listening soul a thought
 Came with a hope divine—
“Beyond the stars the treasure sought,
 The beauty shall be thine.”

Now, though I wander all alone,
 No Iris in my sky,
The glory that for me has shone
 In spirit cannot die.

THE RAINBOW.

I chased a rainbow in my youth
To seek a pot of gold,
I found it not, but find a truth,
Now I am growing old.

MYSTIC FAITH.

The dream of life, the mystery of death,
The hope of heaven and the fear of hell,
Lose all their terrors with the failing breath—
God must do right, and, therefore, all is well.

Thus far I've come, not knowing whence or why,
Through stormy years the upward path I've trod;
At last I know that, while I cannot die,
The path of sorrow is the way to God.

The love that sacrifices all is mine;
This life is but the childhood of my soul;
I brought from other spheres a spark divine;
I know a part and yet will know the whole.

Conscience within unlocks the book of fate;
Eternal Must subdues the mortal Will.
This is the secret! Standing at the gate
Of death I learn it. Peace, O soul, be still!

THE PILGRIM.

O, tree of life! the storms of years are shaking
Thy fruit to earth, while comes autumnal night,
And one by one the ties of time are breaking,
While one by one my loves are taking flight.

Behold, the high resolves of youth are ended;
No more I chase the phantom of my quest.
My work is now complete. I have ascended
The last high peak to view the land of rest.

The sunbeams thro' the mountains backward slanting
Tell me the night is near, the goal below;
I hear inviting voices welcomes chanting;—
Give me my robe and staff, and let me go.

THE PILGRIM.

Love, fame, ambition, all the phantom glories
That lured me hither, leave me now alone;
The woeful moral of forgotten stories
I write, forgetting, on this wayside stone.

I see the footprints others made before me,
And I will follow them into the gloom,
While these poor flow'rs that I have gathered gore
me
With thorns that fittingly may deck a tomb.

Farewell to all I love! Beyond the river
Are white-robed visions of immortal birth.
Behold, the hand that taketh was the giver.
Farewell to all my dreams! Farewell to earth!

FEBRUARY 3, 1899.

Just sixty years ago to-day,
 Into this wicked world
A little, helpless baby boy
 Was all unconscious hurled.

He went to school, he went to sea,
 He went to war also;
But why or what for, never he
 Could understand or know.

O, sometimes he would hungry be,
 And sometimes he was cold;
He knew the pinch of poverty—
 The luxury of gold.

FEBRUARY 3, 1899.

But ever, as he went along,
He struggled with a doubt—
What is the meaning of it all?
What is it all about?

He trod the busy market place
Where traders cheat and lie,
And saw in every sordid face
Why many starve and die.

The money-changers, as of old,
Were gloating on their gains;
And love was bought, and justice sold
In palaces and lanes.

Then looking back he saw the world
Was ever such as these,
And thought—if this be right, O God!
All life is but disease.

FEBRUARY 3, 1899.

A flame from heaven touched his lips;
He sang with passion strong;
And those who heard in passing ships
Could ne'er forget his song.

In lowest valley he reposed,
Where flows the sacred rill;
He passed the desert plain and stood
Upon the highest hill.

He questioned sun, and moon, and stars,
The works and books of men;
He sat with prisoners under bars,
With tigers in their den.

And women loved him, children sought
His blessing, but alas!
He gave them all he had to give,
Then passed as shadows pass.

FEBRUARY 3, 1899.

Now old and worn he asks himself—
 What have I for my years?
Have I gained happiness, or pelf,
 Or solace in my tears?

Is there a thought, a line, a word
 Of wisdom I can show?—
I only know I fear no Lord,
 And that is all I know!

A POET'S LOVE.

O ! lady, look from out thy bower
O'er all this smiling land,
Where thousands own a noble's power
And answer his command.
A hundred steeds are in his stalls,
His ships are on the sea,
While wealth adorns his lordly halls—
A mighty man is he.

Now send thy thought, like yonder bird,
Far o'er the distant wave,
Where'er the songs of love are heard
Among the good and brave;
O'er all the world thy thought may roam
My songs shall echo free,
And battlefield, and quiet home
A welcome have for me.

A POET'S LOVE.

The noble may have wealth and pride,
A high and titled name,
But what are all he has beside
A Poet's living fame?
His might is bounded by those hills,
Mine like the ocean rolls,
A thousand hands work when he wills,
I sway ten thousand souls!

A faithful heart in him may live,
And all its love be thine,
But O! the Poet's heart can give
A passion more divine.
His love will fade away with years,
And end with death at last,
But mine will live in smiles and tears
When centuries have pass'd.

I ONLY SING FOR THOSE I LOVE.

I only sing for those I love,
Nor care for praise or blame
From those whose smilings only prove
Them heartless, cold, or tame.
But those who love and suffer may
Find solace in my songs,
For only unto such as they
My wild, sad strain belongs.

I will not curb my spirit down
To earth, or earthly eyes,
Nor hang upon the smile or frown
Of those I do not prize.
I have a kingdom of my own
The world and men above,
Which is my home, so I alone
Will sing for those I love.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

After many years and long,
Once again I hear the song
Of the wildbirds in the branches singing free,
And tho' old, and bent, and gray,
My glad heart responds to-day
As I turn to thoughts of youth, of love, of thee.

I have crossed the great divide,
I am on the sunset side,
Looking down into the valley of the dead;
But beyond the utmost rim
Of the far horizon dim
A light, as from an open door, is spread.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

It may lead I know not where,
But I trust and pray that there
Our spirits will attain a higher birth;
That the hopes we cherished here
Will within a brighter sphere
Find fruition that they cannot find on earth.

When the shadows pass away
In the glory of that day,
No love, like ours pure, will ever cease.
Let us hail that coming time,
In a dream of hope sublime—
Hand in hand forever on the Path of Peace.

SEPARATED.

What matters the tramp of the crowd on the high-way

When his step will never more come to the gate?

Oh, what do I care now how many come my way,

When he never comes to me early or late?

He gave me his dear love, all others forsaking

His hand and his home with his love he gave me;

But what of it all to a heart that is breaking

To clasp him again, whom I never shall see.

In the morn when I rise I fling open my casement,

Still thinking to hear his light step on the mould,

Tho' I know in my heart that no greater amazement

Could be than the sight of my lover of old.

SEPARATED.

I strive to be still while I wait for his coming,
I tidy his room, put his chair in its place,
I gather my work, and his fav'rite airs humming,
I gaze on the picture that shows me his face.

The day passes on, till the shadows returning
Inform my sad heart I have waited in vain,
But the lamp of my love in the window is burning—
Oh, surely, he'll see it, and come back again!

O, would we were dead, and the agony over!
I can picture two souls meeting naked above—
The lone one at home and the sad one a rover—
Could meet unashamed in the light of their love.

The footsteps are many, tho' few that come my way,
I sit and I weep while I patiently wait.
What matters the tramp of the crowd on the highway,
When his step will never more come to the gate?

SOLITUDE FOR TWO.

'Tis sweet to rove upon the hills
Among the trees and flowers,
Or sit beside the laughing rills
That glide near sunny bowers;
To muse alone and gentle thought
Delightedly to woo;
But sweeter were that solitude
If solitude for two.

To listen to the wild birds sing,
To gaze upon the sky,
Where giants of the forest fling
Their long arms wild and high:
Such things I know are very sweet
In scenes we love to view,
But O! their joy is more complete
In solitude for two!

SOLITUDE FOR TWO.

O, who would seek in loneliness

A spirit pure and kind,

Where solitude could but oppress,

Or half awake the mind.

When I would gaze on scenes like this

Be happy, free and true,

Let one fair being share my bliss

In solitude for two.

SWEET ROSE.

I saw thee 'mid the great and fair,
 Of all the lovely loveliest,
And none who looked upon thee there
 But felt within thy presence blest,
While I could only stand afar
 And in thy smile my heart repose,
Or murmur as unto a star,
 The love I bore for thee, Sweet Rose.

But oft I thought—What can I do
 To win a smile from those dear eyes?
Of all who won I felt how few
 Were worthy of so bright a prize;
For I would do some glorious deed
 That would my depth of love disclose,
Then thou would'st in the effort read
 The love I bore for thee, Sweet Rose.

SWEET ROSE.

Ah, still within my heart I hold
The memory of that bright hour
As tender hands thro' winter cold
Protect the summer's fragile flow'r.
It tells of golden moments gone,
And promise in the future shows,
So will I ever think upon
The love I bore for thee, Sweet Rose.

HERE WOULD I PLACE AS IN A SHRINE.

Here would I place, as in a shrine,
The treasures of my heart,
To make their richness still be thine
When we are far apart;
And bear sweet thoughts in after years,
When tearful eyes will trace
Recorded hopes, unwritten fears,
That here have found a place.

But Oh! Sweet Rose, my gentle friend,
It oft has been my lot
To write, as now I write, and lend
A name to be forgot.
Thou, too, perhaps in after days,
Wilt smile upon the page,
Nor let so faint a spell the rays
Of memory engage.

HERE WOULD I PLACE AS IN A SHRINE

So let it be—and in that cold
Oblivion shall lie
A tale that never yet was told
By mortal lip or eye.
And I will pray that thou'l be blest
In friendship and in love;
May every hope that fills thy breast
A bright fruition prove!

Sweet dreams and gentle thoughts be thine,
Glad days of happy hours,
Like fairies, may the moments twine
For thee their sweetest flow'rs;
Be beautiful, and kind, and dear,
Sweet Rose, as now thou art;
So from the past thou wilt appear
To one unhappy heart!

A DREAM.

I was drifting away last night, in a dream,
On the bosom broad of a mighty stream,
The voice of the waters that bore me along
 Seemed singing the dull refrain
Of an old, familiar, sorrowful song
 Soothing but telling of pain.
My face was upturned to the moonless sky,
And stars that silently rose on high
 Seemed spirits I wooed in my youth,
Ere the heart that worshipped the good and fair
Had wakened from visions to find despair
 Was wedded forever to truth.
And still I was drifting along that shore—
The hills and the valleys about it bore
The semblance of places I'd seen before;

A DREAM

Anon I discovered that silently
Others were drifting away with me—
Away to the ocean of mystery.

I turned to look on the faces near
And my soul was filled with a terrible fear,
For they were the faces of beings dear,
Dearer to me than my life:

Eyes that had lovingly looked on me
Now fixed in a ghastly vacancy,
And some had the look of a misery,
That ended its anguish in strife.

And there was a form that before my dream
I clasped to my bosom with joy supreme
Deeming it all mine own.

Her long dark hair was against my cheek—
I strove, O God! how I strove to speak—
But my lips were as carved in stone.
She was robed in black, as the day we met,
But her lips were pale, and her brow was wet
And dank with the river spray.

A DREAM

Then methought I drifted upon the shore,
 But I clung to the lovely prey,
That the sullen waves of that river bore,
 And strove to upbear it away.
But she sank from my arms, like a weight of lead,
 Down in the stream of the graveless dead,
 And I rose from my dream with a start,
While memory sadly recalled to my view
 The dream of the night, and I knew it was true
 By the load that I felt on my heart.

THE ENCHANTED ISLE.

The drifting years have brought me to
An island in the sea of time,
With shores resembling naught I knew
In any former age or clime.

In old romance I heard of it.
Perchance I saw it in my dreams,
As clouds that thro' the moonlight flit,
Make phantoms of the passing beams.

However, 'tis a wondrous isle,
With many a quaint and cloudy height
That blushes ever at the smile
Of morning through the veil of night.

THE ENCHANTED ISLE

Along the valleys rivers glide
Beneath the walls of castles grand,
That are not homes for human pride,
Nor were they built by human hand.

The marble steps and pillared walls
Were planned in ages long ago,
When old magicians in these halls
Ruled genii from the world below.

But they have long since passed away
And other beings take their place,
Defying death and eke decay,
Perennial in their youth and grace.

And there are gardens filled with flow'rs,
Where palpitating odors move,
And groves that cluster into bow'rs
O'er leafy couches made for love.

THE ENCHANTED ISLE

Ah, human hearts! how *well* it were,
If ye could meet in place like this
Whene'er your deepest fountains stir,
Responsive to the clinging kiss.

And there are forests dark and high
Of trees that tell the strangest tales
That e'er were told beneath the sky,
Or listened to by heedless gales.

The caverns deep, in mountains old,
Are filled with treasures, rare and *vast*,
And diamonds heaped on floors of gold
By gnomes in the forgotten past.

A castle stands upon a hill,
Whose lofty rooms contain a store
Of volumes, where I learn at will
The mysteries of magic lore.

THE ENCHANTED ISLE

And there, upon a lofty seat,
Is placed the Queen of all this isle —
A sweet enchantress, at whose feet
I rest, and live within her smile.

The sad misfortune of my birth
Compels me oft to leave her side,
Because I am a thing of earth,
And to the sons of men allied.

For me she sings the sweetest songs,
On me their happiness confers ;
Whatever else to earth belongs,
The world of love and dreams is hers.

THE SECRET OF THE SPRING.

Sweet and still the moonlight lies
Along the path we know so well;
Softly in the distance dies
The echo of the evening bell.

Here I stand beside the spring,
Placid in its deeps below—
Empty heart to it I bring
To fill with thoughts of long ago.

Gently dreaming here I think
That I would find De Leon's quest;
Bending o'er the spring to drink
A fabled draught to make me blest.

THE SECRET OF THE SPRING

Pain and sorrow now are fled,
Joy and peace again are mine;
Hopes, no longer with the dead,
Return and make the world divine.

Fear of parting never more,
Oh! fountain of eternal youth,
Shall destroy the happy lore
That comes to one who knows the truth.

Here I have the precious prize
The Spaniard sought o'er land and sea;
All the glowing hilltops rise
Resplendent in their mystery.

Glorified the song of life
Shall rise from vale to mountain peak,
Men forgetting all their strife
Will here a glad contentment seek.

THE SECRET OF THE SPRING

Like an answer to their prayer
This spot they'll hail as if t'were home,
Earth and sky will shine more fair;
No farther will they wish to roam.

Stricken hearts with sorrow bowed
May here their burden haply bring,
And, parting from the heedless crowd,
Shall learn the Secret of the Spring.

MALENE.

I looked on thee in former days,
And thought thee wondrous fair;
'Twas rapture then to fondly gaze,
And feel thy presence there.
Thine eyes possessed a happy beam,
Thy cheeks a rosy glow,
Thou wert as lovely as a dream,
But that was long ago,
 Malene,
Yes, very long ago.

When, arm in arm upon the hill
We strayed away so long,
And never felt the time until
We heard the night-bird's song.

MALENE

The lights upon the river shone
That darkly rolled below,
When I believed thee all mine own—
But that was long ago.

Malene,

But that was long ago,

I look upon thee sadly now,
Remembering that scene —
The whisper of a broken vow—
And think what might have been.
It was a boyish dream divine,

As such I let it go;

I take thy little hand in mine,
But not as long ago,

Malene,

No, not as long ago.

I DRINK TO THEE.

I drink to thee!—The guests have gone;
The revelry is o'er,
The chaplets, that were late upon
Their brows are on the floor,
While ghostly shadows, one by one,
Come gliding thro' the door.
But what are they to thee or me?
My Beautiful, I drink to thee!

I drink to thee!—The crystal bowl
Is blushing to the rim;
It is an emblem of my soul
That sparkles to the brim
With love for thee, complete and whole,
Not, like these spectres, dim.
But what are they to thee or me?
My Beautiful, I drink to thee!

I DRINK TO THEE

Aye, what are they—this ghostly crew—
These silent memories
Of things I felt, or saw, or knew,
Perhaps beyond the seas,
When hearts were loving, kind and true,
Not shadows such as these?
But what are they to thee or me?
My Beautiful, I drink to thee!

I drink to thee! The empty glass
Is shivered on the wall,
And, one by one, the spectres pass
Adown the dark'ning hall,
And I am left alone, Alas!
Alone and—that is all.
But what are they to thee or me?
My Beautiful, I ^{drink} to thee!

RED WINE.

Pour the red wine about!
Pour it out! Pour it out!
Drink, sing, laugh, and shout
With a will.

There's a storm in my soul,
That will ever uproll,
So quickly the bowl
Let us fill!

The day had not fled
With its living and dead,
Like a moment of dread
It was o'er;

RED WINE.

As the sleeper will start
When he feels the knife dart
Dividing his heart
To the core—

One terrible pain
Of heart and of brain,
A gasping in vain,
And no more!

Close, close to my breast
Her bosom was pressed—
Oh! how I was blest
In her arms!

Her breath was divine,
I drank it like wine,
Warm kisses were mine,
Mine her charms!

RED WINE.

I looked in her eyes,
They were luminous skies,
Where her soul made replies
To mine own,

In a tempest of love,
That angels above
Might envy to prove,
We were one!

Then a power unseen
Came quickly between,
Like the icy cold sheen
Of the north;

And up I arose
To grapple my foes,
My efforts were throes
Little worth.

RED WINE.

On the wrack of the storm
I saw her white form
Out oceanward torn,
Like a breath;

Dim ghosts all in white
Fast followed her flight,
Through terror and night,
Unto death.

THE BALLAD OF GREGORIE.

“O, I have now an argosy, a-sailing on the sea,
All richly laden with the spice and gold of Arabie,
But I fear it will be taken by some Turkish pirate
bold,
Who will rob me of my spices and my precious store
of gold.

“O, would that I were young again on board the
Golden Fleece,
With bowline taut and shotted guns among the Isles
of Greece ;
I’d teach that cruel pirate what I taught him once
before,
When I burned his galleys on the sea, and drove his
men ashore.

THE BALLAD OF GREGORIE.

“But I will give a thousand crowns to him who will
set sail,
And bring my argosy to port—my word shall never
fail,
And he shall share my land with me, and wed my
daughter fair;
And, when I die, he'll take my place and be my son
and heir.”

Then up spoke Gregorie, who came from Venice in
the sea,
“Tell off two score stout mariners to sail along
with me,
And I will seek the pirate out, and drive him from
the main,
And bring your argosy to port, or ne'er come back
again.”

The maiden loved brave Gregorie, and he to her was
true,
While soon his vessel put to sea and with a daring
crew.

THE BALLAD OF GREGORIE.

He met the pirate, gave him chase, and wrecked him
on the strand;
Then brought the argosy to port, and won the
maiden's hand.

Now all ye sailors bold and free who plow the
stormy wave,
If ye would win a lady's love be ready, true and
brave.
Good fortune then will smile on you, and when the
Turk's o'erthrown,
You'll live in peace and plenty on an island all your
own.

COME DEAREST COME.

Come, dearest, come to a land across the sea:
Come, dearest, come to the West along with me:
I'll show you a land where the mayflower grows
Along with the thistle, the shamrock, and rose.

I have a cabin by a wild mountain stream,
A lake in the woods where the long shadows dream,
And the wild flowers bloom, and the wild birds sing,
Where in the forest land I reign as a king.

O, give me your word, Love; O, give me your hand,
And you shall be queen of that beautiful land,
The oak, and the pine, and the sweet maple tree
Are all growing green in the land of the free.

COME DEAREST COME.

The north star is high, and the south star is low,
The anchor's a-trip, and aboard I must go,
Then come with your true lover over the wave—
Be brave as the bride of the free should be brave.

O, fly from the city of folly and crime,
Come to where Nature is still in her prime,
Come, dearest, come to a land across the sea,
Come, dearest, come to the West along with me.

A FINE SUMMER MORNING.

I had a full cousin, called Arthur Macnide,
And as we went roaming down by the sea side,
All nature was smiling as glad as a bride,
It was of a fine summer morning.

We met with a Sergeant in uniform fine,
A smart little drummer, all braiding and shine,
Quite ready to march at the head of the line
With his rowdy-dow-dow in the morning.

With cap on three hairs, swagger stick in his hand,
The full-chested Sergeant looked noble and grand,
Just like he was giving the word of command,
“Attention!” to squads in the morning.

A FINE SUMMER MORNING.

He said "My fine fellow, if you'd like to 'list.
A shilling at once I will slap in your fist;
Its an opportunity not to be miss'd
Out here of a fine summer morning.

"We'll dress you up splendid in scarlet and blue,
With height of good living in boiled, roast, and stew;
The girls will run after you, loving and true,
As you march thro' the town in the morning."

The Sergeant had ribbons that flew from his cap—
O, he was an elegant, rollicking chap—
But what he was saying I knew was clap-trap,
As I thought to myself on that morning.

Said I:—"You're a gentleman gallant and gay,
But I don't think I'll 'list in the army to-day.
And I've a suspicion that all that you say
Is humbug and gammon this morning.

A FINE SUMMER MORNING.

"Then as for your bragging about your fine clothes,
They are not your own, Sir, as I do suppose,
And you dare not sell them, no, not for your nose,
If you did you'd be flogged in the morning.

Then, as for your grub and your cooking so fine,
"I know how a soldier gets fed in the line,
On a bit of bull beef you're contented to dine,
And sup your burgoo in the morning.

"And as for the girls that are loving and true,
I have one already, and no thanks to you;
If I should enlist, Sergeant, what would she do
Left alone on a fine summer morning?

So drummer go on with your rowdy-dow-dow;
"And I'll stay at home with my hand on the plow;
I will fight when I'm needed but cannot 'list now—
So I bid you a very good morning."

THE RUINED INN.

Beside the highway stands a ruined inn,
Luxuriant moss has spread its roof all o'er;
No voice is heard, no footstep makes a din;
The grass is waving at the open door.
Winds whistle freely thro' the broken panes—
A ghostly echo of forgotten strains.

The cheerful hearth that once was used to throw
Its light and warmth thro' every friendly room,
And cast its gleam far out on drifting snow,
Is bare and vacant as a rifled tomb.
Grim desolation broods about the spot,
With mildew odors, like sepulchral rot.

Yet I remember in the bygone years,*
When Weller's four-horse, yellow equipage
Came whirling from Toronto, 'mid the cheers
Of villagers who came to meet the stage.

THE RUINED INN.

'No gayer place than this could then be found
For many miles the country side around.

Old Amos and his pretty daughter Kate
Then ruled benignant over bar and board.
O! how I loved her, O! how I did hate
The man who married her whom I adored.
How strange and far away it all now seems
That time of sunrise and of boyish dreams.

*Dr. George Murray says this sounds rather commonplace, but to the boy who saw it then, and who looks back on it now through a vista of fifty years, it was an inspiring sight. In those days, before the era of railways, Weller's stage-coaches were the principal means of travel from Kingston to Hamilton and farther west. My father used to relate how, after paying his fare, a passenger would have to walk most of the way and carry a handspike to pry the coach-wheels out of the mud.

THE VESPER CHIME.

There is a spirit comes to me
 Each day at evening time,
When shadows gather on the sea,
 And sounds the vesper chime.
Then sweetly on my troubled mind
 It pours a soothing balm—
Then flies my sorrow, and I find
 My soul is glad and calm.

Then good and happy thoughts arise
 While sinks my load of care,
And I behold the loving eyes
 Of spirits pure and fair.
Such as in former days I knew
 And in a dearer land,
Ere sorrow o'er my spirit threw
 The shadow of its hand.

THE VESPER CHIME.

And oft I hear the whispering
 Of voices in my ear,
And often, too, I hear them sing
 A song none else may hear.
Still, gentle spirit, come to me
 Each day at evening time,
When shadows gather on the sea,
 And sounds the vesper chime.

FILL HIGH THE BOWL.

“Fill high the bowl!” I’ve heard the song
At midnight when the fun was high,
And madly rose the drunken throng
To drink the toast befittingly.
And round about
The revel rout
Proclaimed the reign of devilry.

“Fill high the bowl!” they sang and spoke,
Till song and word had failed to tell
How madden’d souls, from reason broke,
Can emulate the scenes of hell;
And, rushing out,
The revel rout
Insulted night with oath and yell.

FILL HIGH THE BOWL.

"Dash down the bowl!" I stood beside
The grave of peace and hope, and there
I saw a spectre rise and glide
Along the pathway dark and bare;
No song, or shout
Of revel rout
Came from the valley of despair.

FREEMASONRY.*

As through the dreary wilderness
The chosen people bore,
In danger, exile and distress,
The ark of God; and o'er
Their path an awful presence rose,
Alike in labor and repose,
Eternally before—

So through the wilderness of time
Through ages long and dark,
Is borne in majesty sublime
Our sacred, mystic ark;
And though that awful Presence may
Not meet our gaze by night and day,
Our souls retain its mark.

*Dedicated to the Master, Wardens and Brethren of Dalhousie Lodge, Ottawa, 1868.

FREEMASONRY.

When rash and cruel foes assailed
With blind and furious hate,
The Sacred Order still prevailed
More gloriously great;
And round its mystic symbols stand
The good and wise of ev'ry land
Immovable as fate.

And, like to them, within our hearts
We keep the unrevealed;
As God in earth's most secret parts
Most precious things concealed.
For he who seeks a lofty prize
Must learn to labor and be wise,
And never faint nor yield.

The work your hands have done is small
To what must yet be done,
Ere ye shall hear the Master's call
Beyond the rising sun.

FREEMASONRY.

The star which erst afforded light
Must sink at last in endless night—
Its final cycle run.

But o'er the tomb transgression made
The evergreen shall grow;
For those who rest beneath its shade
Another star will glow.

In Heaven's eastern portal grand
The Master Architect shall stand,
All worthy craftsmen know.

The temple then will be complete,
The labor all be o'er;
And the Great Lodge on high will meet,
To close not evermore,
Within the city which the Seer
At Patmos saw in Heaven appear,
Unseen by man before.

FREEMASONRY.

Then from the south, and east, and west,
The toilers shall repair
To find an everlasting rest
From grief, and pain, and care,
With wisdom, strength and beauty crown'd
Immortal as the love profound,
Which will unite them there.

LINES.

RECITED AT A MASONIC BANQUET.

From a plan by the wisest of Sages
Was built a magnificent arch
Over a path where, for ages,
Multitudes silently march.
They come from the valleys of sorrow,
And cities that are of the past,
They are seeking a glorious morrow,
Their shadows before them are cast.

They seek a city far away—
A city on a hill—
The weary footsteps may not stay,
Nor toiling hands be still;
For they all faithfully obey
The Master's word and will.

LINES.

Each one among that multitude,
With hope, though oft in tears,
Has toiled in quarries strange and rude
For many weary years.
But now each one whose work is done,
With liberated hands,
Ascends the hill where brightly still
The Holy City stands,
To which is brought the ashlar wrought
In many distant lands.

And so each day the fabric grows
More beautiful and high,
Beneath the Master Architect—
The all beholding eye.
So let each one perform his share,
Brothers who labor all,
That perfect ashlar, we may bear
A place in that high wall.

OFF CAPE SANTO GARCIA.

O Sea! thy waves are cold and dark,
Thy voice is hoarse and wild,
And thou dost toss my little bark
On which this morn you smiled.
Yes, thou didst sparkle gay and smile,
As if beneath thy waves
There lay no victims to thy guile
In deep and tearless graves.

But yet, O Sea! I knew that thou
Wert treacherous before
I wrinkled thy inviting brow
With my reluctant oar.
I called thee no endearing name,
Nor praised thee with my lyre,
For well I knew if thou wert tame
'Twas but with smothered ire.

OFF CAPE SANTO GARCIA.

Then toss, O haughty Sea! thy crest,
I little reck or care—
I'll slumber calmly on thy breast
And dream securely there.
In love I never trusted thee,
Although my life I lend,
For thou art false, O angry Sea!
But not a faithless friend.

THE MOONLIGHT STORM.

A lovely night! Serenely clear the sky
Spreads its broad arch of blue filled by the light
Of the wan moon which, floating far on high,
Looks calmly down—the silent queen of night.
The sportive zephyrs, kissing in their flight
Thy pure white brow, dear Mary, seem to sigh
A prayer of love, and linger with delight
Around our bower when thy dear form is nigh,
As if they fain would bear thee with them as they fly.

But see, my love, upon the fancied bound
Where earth and sky are met, a gloomy cloud
Ascending slowly until far around
Lies 'neath the shadow of the stormy shroud.
Yon sheet of flame, how grand, how wildly proud,

THE MOONLIGHT STORM.

It clove the blackness with a livid tongue.
And now the thunders hoarsely roar aloud,
Still wilder are the forkèd lightnings flung,
Which seem to madly sport the distant hills among.

See raised on high, like a triumphal arch
Based on the mountains that o'erlook the vale,
A spirit rainbow gleaming o'er the march
Of elemental armies, while the gale,
Eager the woods and mountains to assail,
Bears them right onward on his rushing wings,
Each flying cohort clad in cloudy mail
With an exultant swiftness wildly sings,
While chaos black behind the whole its shadow flings.

Still the sweet moon upon us sadly pours
Her light as yet unshaded by the gloom
Of yonder cloud from whose black centre roars
The living thunder as from out its womb
Springs each wild flash with every deaf'ning boom.

THE MOONLIGHT STORM.

The hissing deluge comes. Where shalt thou fly,
My frightened dove, to 'scape the coming doom?
No shelter! none! Come to this bosom, I
Will shield my own dear love from heaven's angry
sky!

Peal, ye wild thunders! Leap ye lightnings down!
Ye wrathy elements your force combine,
Till trembling earth lies prone beneath your frown.
I reck not for your wrath while Mary's mine!
O! let me stand like yonder riven pine
Round whose bare head the lurid lightnings flame,
And 'bout its arms, like fiery serpents, twine—
Let me a part of this wild storm exclaim,
For I'm akin to it—our spirits are the same.

UNITA ITALIA.*

'Twas rich, red wine that our fathers quaffed
 By the Arno's summer flood,
And long they drank and loud they laughed
 Like us—and our swords drink blood.
'Tis a glorious draught for it comes from out
 The veins of a tyrant foe;
Then pass the mantling cup about
 And let the red life flow.
 The toast shall be
 Among the free—
 "Union, Love and Liberty!"

*This is a free rendering into English of a popular Italian patriotic song, which had great vogue when I was up the Mediterranean in 1860, and Garibaldi was carrying all before him in Italy. A few years afterwards I met him in Malta, when he was on his way to England.

UNITA ITALIA.

Our fathers fought in the ancient days
For their gold, or faith, or fame,
But their children have no need of bays
Till they wipe away their shame.
Our swords shall drink of the cup of life,
And the draught will be a flood
To bear from our land the wrecks of strife
And the footprints stained with blood.

The toast shall be
“To Italy,
Union, Love and Liberty!”

CANADA OUR HOME.

The skies are fair that beam above
Far lands of fame and song,
Where eyes that look the sweetest love
In sunny valleys throng.
But Oh! give me the forest hills
Where happy I may roam,
Where every pure affection thrills
In Canada our home.

The annals of our native land
May be but rough and brief,
But there is many a fearless hand
To guard the maple leaf.
Let danger threaten when it will,
We'll meet whate'er may come,
Remaining firm and faithful still
To Canada our home.

CANADA OUR HOME.

The mountains, woods, and torrents wild,
 Where native freedom dwells,
Have charms that to the forest child
 No other land excels.
Oh! for the joyful wind that flies
 Beneath the leafy dome
By lakes that beam like beauty's eyes
 In Canada our home.

Let other nations boast the fame
 Of hero and of sage—
What is their glory but a name
 Upon a blotted page?
Behold a land from tyrants pure
 As wild Atlantic's foam,
Where love and beauty dwell secure
 In Canada our home.

Young giant of the North and West!
 The nations hail thy birth,
Thine heritage is of the best
 That ere was claimed on earth.

CANADA OUR HOME.

Firm as thy hills, bright as thy streams,
Thy glory shall become,
And realize hope's grandest dreams
Of Canada our home.

CANADA.

Dear native land! thy wand'ring child
Treads on thy shore again,
And beautiful, and grand, and wild
Thou art to-day as when
Mine eyes beheld thee first, and caught
From waving wood and rushing stream
The shadow of a bright-eyed thought,
The spirit of a dream.

Crowned with the glory of labor and love,
Faith, Loyalty, Virtue and Truth,
O Land! let the birth of thy mightiness prove
All the beauty and promise of youth!
In thee no slaves nor despots dwell
To curse the passing hour
By deeds that to the future tell
Of misery and power.

* Written, July 1st, 1867, the first Dominion Day.

CANADA.

But, bound by love, thy children stand
With no dark thoughts between,
A noble, free and happy band,
For Country and for Queen.
Let their voices rise
With their beaming eyes,
For the Star of Empire glows
O'er the northern arch
Where the giants march,
Whom none can delay or oppose.

A new Atlantis for the world,
O Canada! thou art;
The flag thy children have unfurled
Is dear to every heart.
Long like our old flag, may it wave—
That which for aye shall be
The symbol of the true and brave,
The banner of the Free!

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

(New version.)

Oh, Patrick dear, and did you hear,
The news that's going round?
The shamrock is no more forbid
To grow on Irish ground.
But, raised with honor and renown,
By order of the Queen,
The army and the navy now
Are wearing of the green.

So now we'll wear the green, my dear,
So now we'll wear the green;
For Erin grand we'll proudly stand,
And wear the living green.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

I met with General Buller,
And He took me by the hand,
Saying—"How are these for heroes bold,
Who come from Erin's land?
A telegram was handed me
This morning, from the Queen—
She says—"They've won my heart, and made,
Me proud to wear the green.'"

So now we'll wear the green, my dear,
So now we'll wear the green;
For Erin grand we'll proudly stand,
And wear the living green.

And ever on St. Patrick's Day,
Wherever to the skies,
Triumphantly for liberty,
The flag of Britain flies,
There shall the harp and shamrock fly—
By all the nations seen
To Irish valor Britain owes
The wearing of the green!

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

So now we'll wear the green, my dear,
So now we'll wear the green;
For Erin grand we'll proudly stand,
And wear the living green.

Not only did they beat the Dutch
Upon the wild Karroo,
But they have conquered English hearts
With courage high and true.
Then evermore when British men
Shall sing "God Save the Queen,"
They'll not forget Old Ireland, and
The wearing of the green.'

So now we'll wear the green, my dear,
So now we'll wear the green;
For Erin grand we'll proudly stand,
And wear the living green.

ABERCROMBIE'S GRAVE.*

No drooping willow weeps,
Where Abercrombie sleeps
In the bastion that towers above the sea,
Where the billows evermore
Tell the echoes on the shore
Of him whose name was one with victory.

Near Abercrombie's grave,
Looking down across the wave,
Is a sleepless, giant, iron sentinel

*Sir Ralph Abercrombie's remains are buried in the angle of one of the bastions of the Castle of St. Elmo at Malta. On a marble slab inserted in the opening of the vault is a long inscription in Latin, giving the main incidents of his career. A 110 pounder gun was mounted directly over the tomb when the writer visited the spot in 1863, and, from the cavalier of the work above, floated the British Ensign.

ABERCROMBIE'S GRAVE.

Crouching grim and silent there,
Like a lion in his lair,
The ashes of the hero guarding well.

When Abercrombie died,
Old England o'er the tide,
Sent this sentinel to guard his sacred tomb
They are brothers—he who sleeps
And the giant one who keeps,
Endless vigil in the sunshine and the gloom.

Over Abercrombie's head
Floats a banner blazoned red,
Victorious over sea and over land,
And the foe had need be brave,
Who on Abercrombie's grave
Would dare to lay a desecrating hand.

MEN OF THE NORTH.

Conquering nations all come from the north,
Fighters and lovers they ever go forth.
On land or on ocean of them it is said—
Odin and Thor are not sleeping nor dead.
Give them a welcome befitting the brave—
Sons of the Empire from over the wave.
Blue-eyed, tawny-bearded, broad-shouldered, tall;
Here come the Northmen to answer the call.

Who can deny them?

Who dare defy them?

Men of the North! You are welcome to all.

With strong engine stroke and white wings out-spread,
Over the ocean in khaki and red,
From ends of the earth they come, as of yore,
Strong as their fathers they spring to the shore.

MEN OF THE NORTH.

Warriors welcome from over the sea
Sons of the Empire, peerless and free.
Blue-eyed, tawny-bearded, broad-shouldered, tall;
Here come the Northmen to answer the call.
Who can deny them?
Who dare defy them?

Men of the North! You are welcome to all.

Not in defiance, because they are strong—
For freedom and justice, for right over wrong;
To show in the face of an envious world
That Britons are one when their flag is unfurled.
They come not for conquest, but boldly to save—
Canadian Northmen from over the wave.

Blue-eyed, tawny-bearded, broad-shouldered, tall;
Here come the Northmen to answer the call.
Who can deny them?
Who dare defy them?

Men of the North! You are welcome to all.

THE HARP.

This harp was all my father gave
To me, before he found a grave
Upon a stranger's land.
“My boy,” he said, “the harp you hold
Was struck by many ministrels old,
By many heroes brave and bold,
With an unfaltering hand.

“Your sires, the chieftains of Odrone,*
Familiar were with every tone
Of wassail, love and fray.
Some of its strings are wrought of gold,
And some of silver's purest mould,
And some of iron hard and cold,
And some are torn away.

*See Keating's History of Ireland, for an account of the O'Ryan's, of Odrone.

THE HARP.

“If virtue high you wish to sing
Then fearless strike the golden string,
 By that it oft was stirr’d;
And if with love your bosom swell
The silver chord will answer well,
And strains of deeper fervor tell
 Than ever maiden heard.

“But if of freedom’s fight your song,
Then strike the iron loud and long,
 Thus oft ’twas heard before.
The broken strings, once fair and bright,
Are like to those who fell in fight,
When battling for a country’s right
 Their strength could not restore.”

MORNING.

O'er the hills the dawn is breaking;
The joyous night has found an end;
Rosy sunbeams, brightly streaking
Flying shadows, sweetly blend.
But let us hail her with a song
For joy is short, and labor long.

Hi! old Sol! Is that your head, Sir?
I rather think you're up too soon—
You're getting old, go back to bed, Sir;
We'd sooner have your wife the moon.
But let us hail him with a song,
For joy is short, and labor long.

Fill your glass, this is parting,
Day has come, and we must go;
Though the tear of grief be starting,
We will meet again, you know.
Then hail the morning with a song:
We've had our fun—so come along.

NORTHERN LIGHTS.

Behind a mighty Monarch's throne
That stands by the northern pole,
Where ceaselessly the sun has shone,
Where the freezing billows roll,
Where history since earth was young,
Was never told by mortal tongue
Or known to a human soul;

A bannered light is cast on high
On many million spears,
Lifting far up into the sky
The trophied sheen of years,
And storms sweep up from a shoreless sea
Where that Monarch holds high revelry
With his star-crown'd mountain peers.

NORTHERN LIGHTS.

Balefully the unsetting sun,
Shines o'er that Monarch's head,
While many wrecks of ships undone,
Peopled with frozen dead,
Go sailing past through the spectral light—
Pale ghost of a day that has no night—
In that lifeless sea of dread.

Far, far away from balmy isles
Those ships and men must roam,
They ne'er shall answer welcome smiles,
Awaiting them at home;
While round that northern pole they sail
Before the breath of a ceaseless gale
In a winding sheet of foam.

And round and round the pole they go.
A weird and ghostly fleet,
The shrieking winds around them blow
The undissolving sleet.

NORTHERN LIGHTS.

The Pilot stands beside the wheel
The Look-out, clad in ice, like steel,
Keeps his viewless, frozen seat.

Sad watchers wait in distant lands
Each unreturning barque:
Draw not the curtain, trembling hands,
Nor peer into the dark,
For the Northern King has bound them fast
In his icy sea—their keels have pass'd
O'er ocean nor left a mark.

But when upon the summer sky
Ye see the arching light,
And view the ships go sailing by,
Like arks of hope and might,
O! pray for them who are far at sea
And the lost ones may return to ye
Like angels, in dreams by night.

THE UNRETURNING.

Drifting, drifting, drifting
Down a mighty river
Where, the moonbeams, rifting
Craggy cloud-isles quiver
On the stream, like a dream,
Dark before and after,
Flies a bark through the dark
Whither winds may waft her.
From the mist-encircled shore,
As she glides along,
Voices come that never more
Will blend in earthly song.

Stay, O stay another day!
Why depart, O ship, so soon?
Wait the hopeful morning ray,
Nor in darkness steal away
'Neath the storm-foreboding moon.

THE UNRETURNING.

Many of our hopes thou bearest,
Many of our fears thou sharest,
And the dangers that thou darest
 On the ocean sailing,
Are to us forsaken, sorrow
For our souls of the to-morrow
Can no consolation borrow—
 Tears are unavailing.

Stay! O, stay the morning light—
 Ere our loved ones vanish
Swiftly, swiftly from our sight
Into silence, gloom and night.
 Why so glad to banish
All that unto us are dearest,
All that unto us are nearest?
 Night of nights that is the drearest
 For the souls departing.
While upon the water rocking
Evil spirits round thee flocking,
Are with antic gestures mocking
 Thy unhappy starting.

THE UNRETURNING.

Stay, O ship! the rising sun.

Let us see the faces
Of the ones belov'd undone.
Of the voyage thou'st begun
Leave us some sad traces;
For there is no port for thee
This side of eternity
And the undiscovered sea
Whither thou art tending
Gives no hope of thy returning;
Though our hearts with love are burning
And, amid despairing, yearning
For a love unending!"

Gloriously, gloriously
The sun shone on the river,
And its glad beams blending
On the waters quiver.
Like a dream from the stream
The ship had long departed;
From the shore came no more
Songs of the broken hearted.

THE NIGHT BIRD.

Down where the cedars are bending,
Down by the side of the river,
Down where the waters are wending
Their way to the ocean forever,
One night I heard
A lonely bird
Singing, Oh! so sadly singing.
There was such pain
In its wild strain,
So plaintive and so ringing
I paused to listen and methought
The sounds were into meaning wrought,
While faint and low
As sobs of woe,
The lone bird kept repeating
The strange refrain
Of its wild strain,

THE NIGHT BIRD.

Where crowded shadows meeting
Made that solitary grove
Like to a grave of love.

“Rolled, rolled in the greedy mould
That taketh and nothing giveth,
Where, where in a dumb despair
No hope of the future liveth,
Lies, lies with o'ershaded eyes,
My love with her love unspoken,
While, while thro' a world of guile
I wander alone, heart-broken.
Strong, strong is the giant wrong,
And he mates with a demon cruel;
Higher, higher be buildeth a fire,
And human hearts are the fuel.

“Bright, bright in the morning light
Beauty and love came flying.
Laid, laid in deathly shade,
Ere eve they were crushed and dying.

THE NIGHT BIRD.

Woe! woe! against all below
That liveth and loveth is written.
Life, life is a bitter strife
Where the best are the soonest smitten.
Here, here on this hapless sphere,
All that are beautiful perish.
Hope, hope hath no wider scope
Than faint recollections we cherish.
Earth, earth had its hour of mirth,
But woe is an old, old story.
Fast, fast in the voiceless past
Fleeth our dreams of glory!"

"Oh, hush! unhappy thing," I cried,
"Tho' fate has left thee naught beside,
Hast thou not faith and duty?
What matters the loss of a toy of clay,
The perishing birth of a perishing day,
Tho' it were a thing of beauty?
Can death destroy
The lasting joy
That springs from hope immortal?"

THE NIGHT BIRD.

Can grieving bring
Thee back the thing
That has fled beyond life's portal?
Still, still from the grave you fill
Cometh a voice supernal—
Trust, trust in God! He is just,
And sorrow is not eternal."

THE VAGABOND.

But yesterday I saw a ragged wight
Looking so happy and so free from care;
He sunned himself with such a huge delight,
And laughed so loud he made the people stare.
I envied the poor wretch his frolic glee,
And watched him long to note a hidden pain,
But not a lurking trouble could I see,
For misery on him seemed cast in vain.
I wondered at the fellow laughing out
At his own vagrant fancies, loud and long.
I asked him why he was so glad—a shout
He raised, and answered me with this wild song:—

“O, I am glad because I have
No wife, no friends, no home!
The winds go by less free than I,
Where'er I wish to roam.

THE VAGABOND.

My home is on the wide, wide world,
Where'er I chance to be,
When the sun goes down, o'er waste or town,
'Tis all the same to me.

"I roll me in my ragged cloak
Upon my mother Earth—
Kind I ween has that mother been
Who cradled me since birth.
I would not teach my thoughts to cling
Round any single place,
Nor try to twine a wreath divine
For fairest maiden's face.

"For the brightest scene will alter,
The fairest face grow old,
But Nature true is ever new,
The more we her behold.
I have no friend, nor care for one,
While winds and waves are free,
While eyes of love in skies above
Look smilingly on me.

THE VAGABOND.

"I love the jolly, rolling world,
 Find joy in everything:
I have no wealth but life and health,
 And so I laugh and sing.
When parts Aurora's misty veil
 That wraps her eastern bed
And lifts her charms from Tithon's arms
 Her smiles o'er waters spread,

"I greet her with a joyful song,
 I haste o'er dewy hills
Where skylarks wing their flight, and sing
 Till heaven with music thrills.
At noonday glare I lie me down
 In groves where streamlets glide,
And my sleep teems with glorious dreams
 No mortal dreams beside.

"Lord of that land of dreams am I,
 There nothing vile intrudes—
Spirits of air and light are there
 In countless multitudes.

THE VAGABOND.

Aerial strains of melody
They sing my couch around,
For me they pour the hidden lore
Of mysteries profound.

"When evening breeze is whispering,
Like sighs of lovelorn maid,
And weary car of Phoebus far
Has sunk in western shade,
By guiding light of Hesperus
I wait the rising moon,
While winds of night in gusty flight
Chant an unearthly tune.

"Ghosts of the past arise around—
Wild are the tales they tell—
Some darkly glare, some are fair,
Beautiful! terrible!"

SUMMER HAS DIED.

"Twas a lingering death that the Summer died,
As it turned and returned again,
As the lover returns to the loved one's side,
Renewing his rapture and pain.

Ah! beautiful Summer! Beautiful dead!
As the leaves that blow over thy tomb,
Recall the sad thought of the glory that's fled,
Sere memory lives through the gloom.

The gloom that o'ershadows a dream of the past.
O, say! was it all but a dream?
Was the bread of my heart so wantonly cast
On a never returning stream?

SUMMER HAS DIED.

I built up a temple of hope in thy skies,
For an idol of beauty and grace,
But, swift as the rift of the summer cloud flies,
It has vanished—dissolved into space.

While empty and cold as a newly made grave
Is the place where my temple arose,
And the blood in my heart, like the ocean wave,
Still remorselessly ebbs and flows.

O, Summer! I've turned and returned like thee,
Recalling the glimpses of youth,
But to glean in the harvest of misery
An alien gleaning like Ruth.

O, Summer! dead Summer! you came to my heart
A hopeful and beautiful bride,
But strangely and coldly I see thee depart
Like a ghost that haunted my side.

SUMMER HAS DIED.

The leaves are all fallen, the flowers are dead,
The wind has a dirge in its tone,
And visions that came with the Summer have fled
And left me with Winter alone.

.But Winter is welcome, its dreariest day
Has hope of a Summer in store;
As snow on the hillside grief passeth away,
And the mourner will mourn nevermore.

THE LOST SPIRIT.

Now in the solitude of night
 Oh! tell to me my soul:
Why has that spirit taken flight,
Who was to thee thy one delight
 Above the world's control.

She came to thee in early life
 A spirit all divine,
And often in the headlong strife,
Where grief, and pain, and death were rife,
 Her peace was ever thine.

Upon the tempest-ridden sea
 When danger round thee rose,
She seemed to beckon unto thee
From life to immortality,
 From labor to repose.

THE LOST SPIRIT.

Among the summer islands where
Bright flowers perennial bloom,
She sat beside thee, ever fair,
And with her songs dispell'd the care
That wrapt thee oft in gloom.

But, Oh! my soul, she now has fled
To some more worthy breast;
The happy light her presence shed
Now gathers round a dearer head
Than thine, O! thing unblest!

She was so dear—so very dear—
When she was all thine own,
That now, when she no more is near,
No ruin could be half so drear
As thou, poor soul, alone!

Shall I again thro' summer isles,
Or o'er the wintry sea,
Or in the halls where beauty wiles,
Where laughing phantoms kill with smiles,
Go seek her out for thee?

THE LOST SPIRIT.

“Ah, no! thou wilt not find her so,”
My lonely soul replies,
“But if thou would’st the secret know,
Upon some quiet moment go,
And look in Mary’s eyes.”

GOOD-BYE

"Good-Bye—" The whisper softly fell
Through darkness of the night;
It struck upon my soul a knell—
Upon my heart a blight.
While ever as we sped along
The night wind seemed to sigh
And, sadly murmuring, to say
Again to me—"Good-bye:
Good-bye!"
A mocking spirit seemed to say
Again to me—"Good-bye."

Within my chamber, still and lone,
I laid me down and slept,
While fancy of that saddest tone
Strange recollection kept.
Through every wild, distorted dream,
As distant murmurs die,

GOOD-BYE.

That low, sad whisper still would seem
To say to me—"Good-bye."
"Good-bye."

That low, sad whisper still would seem
To say to me—"Good-bye."

Next morn before the joyous breeze
My ship had left the shore,
And, like to one who sadly sees
What he may view no more,
I looked upon the fading strand,
Slow lessening to my eye,
When with the wind from off the land
The whisper came— "Good-bye;
Good-bye!"

Borne by the wind from off the land,
The whisper came—"Good-bye."

Then years went by, and often through
The storms of war I passed.
One of the unrecorded few
Whom death refused to blast;

GOOD-BYE.

But in the maddest moments, when
Stark horror leaped on high,
That mocking voice would shriek again,
And still again—"Good-bye;
Good-bye!"
That mocking voice would shriek again,
And still again—"Good-bye."

Once more I trod my native land,
Sought each familiar place,
And strove again with loving hand
Lost beauties to retrace;
Until one night upon a grave
I sank and prayed to die,
When from the mould a faint voice gave
To me a last "Good-bye;
Good-bye!"
Silent at last within the grave
For evermore—"Good-bye."

ARMAGEDDON.

The world is growing weary of its emperors and
kings..

Oh! weary, weary, weary of the tyranny that brings
No respite to its wretchedness while high the an
them rings,

And the Devil comes a-riding on the gale!

The People, Oh! the People, toiling in the field and
mine,

To barter for a crust of bread the life that is divine,
While robbers sit and gorge on blood, pretending
it is wine,

And the Devil comes a-riding on the gale!

ARMAGEDDON.

Religion is a mockery, all gods are dumb or dead,
And all the world is worshipping the Golden Calf
instead.

They've hung his neck with ribbons, put a garland
on his head—

The Devil comes a-riding on the gale!

The Devil, but they don't believe in him, no more
than God,

Although they feel the impress of his hoofs all
golden-shod;

But in terror he is coming and with an iron rod—
He's riding, Ho! he's riding on the gale!

The armies march; O, don't you hear the thunder
of their tread?

The ships of war are sailing out into the sunset red.
The plain of Armageddon will be carpeted with dead
When the Devil comes a-riding on the gale.

ARMAGEDDON.

The emperor and millionaire, the beggar and the
tramp,

Will lie together underneath a blanket broad and
damp;

And over them the coming race will heedless build
its camp,

The Devil having ridden on the gale.

LOVE AND DEATH.

He, as I guess,
Had gazed on nature's naked loveliness
Actæon-like, and now he fled astray.
—Shelley.

I.

A shadow lies upon the earth—
The sunshine is afar:
If love dies here, then death is birth
On some more happy star.
Then twine the ivy round the urn.
I wait the coming ray;
For I to my dead love will turn,
And hail my dying day.

LOVE AND DEATH.

II.

An ancient town by a river lay,
The moonbeams shone on its turrets gray,
Its gables quaint, its steeples high,
Rising far in the quiet sky,
Lifting the emblem cross among
The mystical myriad stars that hung
On the airy robe of the summer night,
That clasped the earth as a lover might,
When the storm of passion in sighs has died,
Enfold in slumber his yielding bride.

The moonbeams shone on the passing stream
That caught, with a rippling laugh, the gleam
Which seemed, like a silver cord, to glow
Through a wonderful woof in the wave below.

Old towers, with ivy and moss o'ergrown,
Looked sullenly down where their images shone,
Changing and flitting, like things in a dream—
Phantoms unreal that tangible seem.

Deserted the streets of that ancient town,
Where the moonbeams steadily wander'd down,

LOVE AND DEATH.

Where over the steps of the lordly hall
The weeds, untrodden, grew rank and tall.
The drawbridge was down at the open gate,
Where shadowy sentinels linger late,
And winds sobbed low thro' the crumbling arch,
Where unwritten centuries silently march.

III.

Cyril, a boy, went forth when first
The sun from purple mountains burst.
An old man gazed with prophetic eye,
As he tenderly bade him a last good-bye,
And said:—"When weary of wanderings,
Mourning the loss of beautiful things
You must know and love, you will backward fly
To the ancient town, like me, to die.
When hope has departed and fear has fled,
And all of the loving and loved are dead,
You will return to the ancient town
To lay your life and your burden down.

LOVE AND DEATH.

But you must love, and you must learn,
And you must suffer, ere you return."

IV.

Eternal Spring! Eternal Truth!

Although our locks turn gray,
We see the glory of our youth
Reviving every day.
Laughing and singing, with footstep springing,
He went along;
His spirit that day as the morn was gay,
His gleesome song
Rose on the air like the song of a bird—
A song the sweetest that ever was heard—
For hope was strong.

V.

He drank in of Nature the glory and joy,
And thought like a man, tho' he felt like a boy.
Often he paused in the wind-shaken grove,
Where wood-spirits whispered their mystical love.

LOVE AND DEATH.

"I am careless, and happy, and free as they,"
He cried as he bounded upon his way.
"I can go where I will, and none shall say—
There you must travel or here you must stay.
Oh! It is happiness truly to be
Free as the wind, as the wild bird, free!"

VI.

Now by a fountain in a shady nook,
The hidden parent of a laughing brook,
That woos the blossoms of a thousand fields,
Returning love the distant heaven yields,
Cyril on mossy bank lay down, until
The soft, low music of the flowing rill
Mingling, as it passed along,
With the wild-bird's loving song,
And the deep, sad symphonies—
Whispers of the wind and trees—
Gently wrapped his tired sense
In the sleep of innocence.

LOVE AND DEATH.

VI.

He was most beautiful while there he slept,
And the coy wind that o'er him softly swept
Played with his curls, and kissing his pale brow
Dropt odors round him. Timid as the vow
A maiden breathes his breath stole from his lip,
So sweet 'twould tempt the honey bee to sip,
As in the natural grace of youth he lay,
As fair a thing as e'er was formed of clay.

The spirit of sweet dreams sat by him there,
And wrapt his soul in visions wondrous fair.
Was it the spirit of that lovely spot
That haunted leafy shade and lonely grot,
Who stole from out the thicket chanting low
A sweet old song?—Ah, few on earth can know,
Or on the tablets of remembrance trace
So fair a form, so beautiful a face.

VIII.

A rustic maiden, but around her hung
The nameless grace which sanctifies the young,

LOVE AND DEATH.

And beautiful, and good; for deep within
The mystic volume of her heart no sin
Was written, nor the marks of grief or rage,
Record of sorrow, or down-folded page,
Such as the wordly hide away, nor dare
To scan, yet feel its haunting presence there.
Awhile she stood in wide-eyed revery

As some sweet thought her captive fancy led,
Foreshadow of the future it might be,

Some jealous power had cast upon her head.
Then she enclasped the robes that loosely clad
Her youthful beauties, and with fingers glad
Laid the soft glories of her bosom bare,
Like a young bud that opens to the air
Its blushing sweetness. Timidly and slow
Her garments fell about her feet. Then Oh!
Beyond conception beautiful and rare,
She stood an angel or a goddess there—
A thing to worship in the heavens above,
To look upon, then perish, mad with love.
And then her looped-up tresses she unroll'd.
And round her fell a flashing veil of gold.

LOVE AND DEATH.

Oh! not the Virgin Goddess when she stood
Beneath the arches of the green old wood,
Clad in immortal loveliness and grace,
Longing impatient for the coming chase,
Was fairer than the laughing, thoughtless maid
Who by that stream her lovely form displayed.
While in the stream she gambolled, tossing high
The spray around her, Cyril with a sigh
Awoke to hear the splashing of the rill
And, looking forth between the leaves, a thrill
Shook his faint soul, his panting heart stood still,
And, like to one enchanted in old days,
He lay entranced and could not choose but gaze.

IX.

The wonderful woof that the sun-shadow weaves
Was dancing in gold and in green thro' the leaves,
And from the forest whispering
There came a voice that seemed to sing
Peace, love, and joy to everything.

LOVE AND DEATH.

X.

How sweet with one we love to dwell
Apart from every haunting care,
To look in eyes that only tell
 Of love's surrender beaming there;
To dream, and wake to dream again
 The same sweet vision o'er,
Have all the spirit would attain,
 And want for nothing more.

XI.

Is my love poison to the one I love,
My prayers destruction even while they move
In deep devotion, true and pure as day?
Must my fond kisses steal the life away
That I would gladly yield mine own to save?
What have I done O Death! O greedy Grave!
That you should rob me thus? There is I fear
Within the circle of these arms some drear,
Most deadly, and most potent charm to kill
All that I love, against my heart and will.

LOVE AND DEATH.

XII.

Give me the cup, Old Wizard, I will drink
Thy vaunted draught. Fear not—I will not shrink,
Tho' it contained the dregs of deepest hell
Condensed! Ay, let me clutch it—so—'tis well.
Look here Old Man; I know not what you mean,
And care as little. I have lived and seen
Things that have made me reckless of thine art,
So I will pour upon my burning heart
This broth of thy decocting.—It is sweet
And hath a subtle odor.—Oh! how fleet
Descending shadows gather.—Here, Old Man!
Thou plausible old villain! Give me back
The fragment of my day! It growtheth black,
The sun has set. The moon and stars have fled.
Can this be death?

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

Farewell, Old Year! thy latest sobbing breath
Falls on my brow like whisperings of doom,
Cold, cold and still thy agony of death
Like one who perishes in winter gloom.

O! heavy is the burthen of thine age,
Well mayst thou pant and stagger with the weight,
Here, take with thee this darkly-blotted page.
Filled with the record of a darker fate.

Sad broken hearts and severed ties are thine,
Sin, sorrow, death—a tale of care and woe—
With rifted gleams of glory that will shine
In darkest moments on the faint and low.

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

Here is a soul-drawn picture of the past;
I traced it fondly when my heart was young.
O! colors bright, why did ye fade so fast!—
Faint, mocking echo of a song I've sung!

Go! go, Old Year, such things may never more
Tear from my heart the armor thou hast lent,
Tho' floating faintly from a far-off shore,
I hear a whisper with thy sighings blent.

Hush! hush! be still—the poor Old Year is dead!
While, springing from his ashes, see arise
A being lovely as a spirit led
Fresh from the glow of God's own paradise.

It brings to me a scroll on which is writ
No word or sign of all that yet may be;
But o'er the page a shadow seems to flit—
I vainly grasp at what I cannot see.

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

I see a form—Oh, can it be of earth?
With long dark hair and eyes of wondrous hue,
But robed in black, like one who at the birth
Of sorrow stood, and all its anguish knew.

So once again the long-deserted halls
Of my dark heart are filling with a light
Which softly on each buried treasure falls
That long was hid by desolation's night.

Then hail, New Year! for in thy face I read
Sweet hope and promises of future joy.
Delusive beauty, can I—dare I heed
What thou hast shown, perhaps but to destroy?

IN MEMORIAM HONORE MERCIER.

I.

O, true and gentle, kind and brave!
Detractors now may stand aside,
While we who loved thee, by thy grave
 Recall the virtues they denied.
We knew thee in thy strength and pow'r,
 We knew thee when affliction came,
And proudly at this solemn hour
 Shall vindicate thy worth and fame.

2.

Stand back! Let Faction hold its peace;
 We knew him as a man—a friend,
Stand back! and let your slander cease;
 You had your triumph—gained your end.

IN MEMORIAM HONORE MERCIER.

But he is now beyond your hate,
But not beyond the love we bear;
For love above all things is great,
While hate is parent of despair.

3

He's far beyond your cruel rage,
This patriot by traitors sold;
Most faithful in a faithless age,
A leader without guile or gold.
In friendship ever firm and true,
In fortune's smile or frown the same.
True heart that never falsehood knew!
Pure soul serene and free from blame!

4

Aye, free from blame! His fame will shine
Among the noblest of our land,
Whose glory was their faith divine
In virtue and the helping hand.

IN MEMORIAM HONORE MERCIER.

Peace! Peace! O, let the great dead rest
In silence! Tears and words are vain
This land to which he gave his best
May never see his like again.

FRED PERRY.*

At last, dear Fred, our task is done,
And time has not been cheated;
If we can find a publisher,
The work will be completed.
'Twill be to you a monument,
Like that which stands at Verdun,—
The record of a life well spent,
A blessing and a guerdon.

These lines were composed on May 29, 1897, on completing the writing of "The Life and Times of Alfred Perry," a work on which I had been engaged with him for over a year. He intended to bring the book out, if he could find a publisher, but failing health and want of means prevented him.

ALFRED PERRY.

The generations yet to be—
The coming race of sages—
Will think with gratitude of thee,
When studying its pages;
And say—"Behold. there was a man
Who knew all men as brothers,
Who followed out the God-like plan
Of doing good to others.

Deep, broad, and full his life appears,
Like our own noble river;
With all its days and all its years
Replete with high endeavor.
He strove for neither wealth nor fame,
Nor yet for smiles of beauty,
But all to him in fulness came,
Who nobly did his duty."

Thus, dear old Fred, will future times
Be still your friends and neighbors,
As I would with imperfect rhymes
Do justice to your labors.

ALFRED PERRY.

However, let me, as I can,
 Declare no time can bury
The mem'ry of a noble man—
 Whose name was Alfred Perry.

SUNSET ON GIBRALTAR.

"Tis sweet upon a summer eve to stand
Upon dark Calpe's venerable height,
And gaze upon the scene of sea and land,
Which lies beneath thee in the soften'd light,
When the bright sun in its descending flight
Has clothed the Spanish hills in crimson glow,
And the dark shades of fast-approaching night
Enshroud the valleys that are hid below,
And distant mountains far their lengthening shadows
 throw.

Along the billows from Levantine seas
Fantastic clouds upon the waters creep,
The sweet, cool breathing of the evening breeze
Brings strange, sad murmurs from the dark'ning
 deep.

SUNSET ON GIBRALTAR.

From Afric's cloudy mountains, looming steep
And boldly out against the south'rn sky,
Where weary warriors their watching keep,*
The mellow noises often echo by,
Like to the sighs of those who there in battle die.

Dim grow the sails that swiftly course along,
Seeking the distant ocean's troubled breast.
Loud boom the surges, rising hoarse and strong,
Then moaning softly as if soothed to rest.
The light grows fainter now along the west,
The bugles sound the signal of retreat,
And I must answer to the stern behest,
But thus to wander unto me is sweet.
Far Buena Vista's lights allure my weary feet.

*Written at the time of the war between Spain and Morocco, in the year 1860.

THE LEPER KNIGHT.

A Legend of Malta.

St. Elmo's walls are high and strong,

Brave knights are their defenders,
And, though the siege has lasted long,

Not one in thought surrenders.

The Moslem foe, without the gate,

Continuously thunder,
With furious force, impelled by hate,

They rend the walls asunder;
But knightly arms, in battle great,

Still keep them back and under.

Soon crumbling walls were falling down

Around the dead and dying.

They won the hero-martyr crown,

And where they fell were lying.

THE LEPER KNIGHT.

Among the few, who held the wall,
And fearlessly awaited
The doom that would to-morrow fall
On brave hearts darkly fated,
One lordly spirit heard the call
Triumphant and elated.

For some unspoken sin, 'twas said,
Or foil 'gainst Eastern charmer.
He bound his helmet to his head
And riveted his armour.
In battle was no braver knight,
In Council none was wiser,
But never he to human sight
Was known with open visor;
His mailed hand was used to fight
And of its blows no miser.

The bodies of his brother knights
Were in the harbour floating,
Whereon, with cruel revelry,
Old Solymen was gloating.



THE LEPER KNIGHT.

THE LEPER KNIGHT.

While La Valette sent Turkish heads,
Like bombshells from each mortar,
To show how he could take revenge
For Gozo's ruthless slaughter,
And all the fountains of the isle
Ran blood instead of water.

At last St. Elmo's guns were hushed,
Each embrasure deserted,
And, creeping up the gloomy breach,
The foe his way asserted.
The castle was as still as death—
The ramparts all forsaken
Till eager feet in covert ways
Unwelcome echoes waken,
When, suddenly, the granite walls
Were, as by earthquake, shaken!

Within the square the Chapel doors
Flew, clanging loud, asunder:
To gaze upon the scene within
The Moslems stood in wonder.

THE LEPER KNIGHT.

The altar was a blaze of light,
Red flames about it leaping;
Around in dinted armour clad,
Dead knights lay as 'twere sleeping:
One giant figure only stood
An awful death-watch keeping.

His right hand held his battle brand,
His left the cross uplifted;
While, o'er his head, the smoke and flame
In crimson billows drifted.
Last of the garrison he stood
Successful foes defying.
When, headlong in a gulf of fire
St. Elmo's walls were flying:
Then knew Valette the Leper Knight
Had kept his vow in dying.

L.A VALLETTE.

Upon the Bastion of Castille
There stood an aged knight,
He sadly viewed the crumbling walls
That still defied the might
Of Moslem foes, who fiercely urge
The stern, revengeful fight.

He looks on Corradino's hill,
And on San Salvador,
He hears the trumpet's summons shrill,
He hears the cannons roar,
And all the deep recesses fill
Along the rocky shore.

St. Elmo's walls are levelled now,
Its brave defenders dead,

LA VALLETTE.

But still Il Borgo raises up
A shield above his head,
While wildly beat without its gates
The waves of battle red.

While gazing on the scene of strife
It faded from his glance,
And, in its place, he saw the fields
Of well-belovèd France;
The years were lost that made him old,
And youth was in the trance.

He stands within his father's halls—
A maiden form is near—
The heavy tread of legioned men
Falls on a listless ear.
The aged chief in that sweet dream
One only voice can hear.

He often heard it in the clash
And clangor of the field,

LA VALLETTE.

When, headlong thro' the Paynim ranks,
His chivalry had reeled:
He heard it, too, in midnight aisles,
When solemn anthems pealed.

The spectre of that parting hour
Clings to his mem'ry yet:
Again he hears the gentle words
Of parting and regret—
“The knight who vows himself to God
Must Home and Love forget.”

He sees her stand beside him now,
Behind that deadly breach,
While the light flashes on his brow
From spears within his reach,
When, suddenly, with chorus loud,
The blaring trumpets screech.

He grasps his sword while up the slope
The turbaned demons spring,

LA VALLETTE.

As, from the summit of the wall,
The lighted torches fling
A glare upon the coming host,
While bells alarms ring.

Annuciata's spectral spires
The frantic sounds repeat,
As up and down throughout the town
Echo the hurrying feet,
Till at the old Grand Master's side
The thronging heroes meet.

From out the gloom the Moslems rise
With shout and battle cry,
But, in the breach, the levelled spears
Still breast them back to die,
Like waves that beat against the rocks
To break in foam and fly.

Amid the madness of the strife,
In gloom, and blinding glare

LA VALLETTE.

The Master sees amid His knights
A shadow still and fair,
Though lance, and sword, and scimitar
Meet wildly—it is there.

And through the horrid noise of war
There comes to La Vallette
A voice, he cannot cease to hear,
In accents of regret—
“The knight who vows himself to God
Must Home and Love forget.”

IT SNOWS AND IT BLOWS.

It snows and it blows, it is cold, stormy
weather,

While Lonnie and Papa are sitting together;
Sitting and singing a sweet little song—
Lonnie and Papa the whole day long.

There are the towers on Parliament Hill,
There is the river that runs by the mill,
There are the houses all covered with snow,
And there is the roadway that leads down below.

For it snows, etc.

There is the battery Papa has made,
There is the field where his soldiers parade,
There are the flagstaff and old magazine—
The prettiest place that ever was seen.

For it snows, etc.

IT SNOWS AND IT BLOWS.

There is the path by the rock to the spring,
There are the trees where the wild birds sing,
There are the mountains misty and high,
And over them all is the beautiful sky.

For it snows, etc.

TWO BOYS.

These were two of the funniest boys
That ever had a mother;
Roland was the name of one,
And Oliver that of the other.

One day they to the meadow went
The old gray mare to find;
Roland, he got up before,
And Oliver up behind.

And then they to the river ran—
To swim is not a sin;
Roland sat him down on the bank—
But Oliver tumbled in.

TWO BOYS.

These two boys to the theatre went
Whenever they saw fit;
Roland in the gallery sat,
And Oliver in the pit.

Their mother sent them both to school
To learn to read and write;
Roland learned his lessons well,
But Oliver learned to fight.

On Sunday they to meeting went,
Where all good people pray;
Roland entered in and stayed,
But Oliver ran away.

On the mill-pond they another day
Went in their father's scow;
Roland sat down in the stern,
While Oliver stood at the prow.

TWO BOYS.

And then they cast their fishing lines
To hook some bass and trout;
Roland caught a mighty eel,
Oliver an old mud pout.

These boys were then to College sent,
Where for sometime they tarried;
Roland took B.A., degree,
But Oliver got married.

When they came home their father said
That schooling did them harm,
So Roland went to learn a trade,
Oliver staid on the farm.

In after years these two boys met
One day when they were out;
Roland had grown tall and thin,
Oliver short and stout.

TWO BOYS.

Said Roland, "I am rich and great;
My life is full of joys;
I ride about in coach of state,
And all my sons are boys."

Oliver said, "I am content
Away from city whirls.
I've plenty, and I want no more:
My daughters, all are girls."

The ladies then came on the scene,
Heading their grand parades,
Roland's numbered twenty boys,
Oliver's twenty maids.

Then all began to laugh and sing—
It was a happy sight—
Oliver asked them all to come
And sup with him that night.

TWO BOYS.

Big buns, and cakes, and pies, and tarts
Were on the table spread,
Sweet honey, milk, and cream, and fruit,
And Oliver at the head.

They bade good-bye like gentlemen
Who part upon the road;
While Roland in his carriage sat,
On foot old Oliver strode.

At last, when they were very old
These two good fellows died.
Roland he was laid at rest
With Oliver by his side.

And all the boys and girls would come
With flowers every day,
And place them on the grassy beds
Where these two brothers lay.

THE BRITON.

From Heremon we claim descent—
His bride King David's daughter,
Who from the Holy Land was sent
To Erin, o'er the water.

Since then the Norman and the Dane,
The Teuton and the Frenchman
Have mixed their blood, and from the strain
Came sturdy British henchmen.

Chorus—

Hurrah, then, for the blood and birth,
With pedigree to fit on
The isles and continents of earth,
The freedom-loving Briton!

THE BRITON.

The liberties our fathers won
We'll grant to every nation,
Till peace and justice, like the sun,
Shall shine o'er all creation.

We seek no conquest to oppress,
Or trample on a foeman;
As we are blest, we seek to bless.
With enmity to no man.

Chorus—

Hurrah, then, for the blood and birth,
With pedigree to fit on
The isles and continents of earth,
The freedom-loving Briton!

Thus Celt, and Teuton, Norman, Dane,
Come back, like clouds from ocean,
And fall upon the earth, like rain,
To set the crops in motion.

THE BRITON.

No Cadmus crop of armèd bands,
To meet in strife infernal,
But loving hearts and willing hands,
To make God's peace eternal.

Chorus—

Hurrah, then, for the blood and birth,
With pedigree to fit on
The isles and continents of earth,
The freedom-loving Briton!

THE DAWNING OF THE DAY.

Give me the harp, Old Minstrel, you have sung of
vanished things;

You have told the ancient story, not of what the
future brings.

We have had our fill of fable; let another strike the
strings

For Ireland at the Dawning of the Day!

This harp is mine, Old Minstrel, for the Chieftains
of Odrone

Consigned it to my fathers—it belongs to us alone.

Not silent shall I have it while we stand around the
throne,

For Ireland at the Dawning of the Day!

THE DAWNING OF THE DAY.

The kings and chieftains of the past were noble in
their time,
Their wisdom and their valor are a theme for song
sublime,
When honor was a heritage and love was not a
crime,
In Ireland at the Dawning of the Day!

But I charge ye, Men of Ireland! be the heroes of
to-day!
Stand forth in fearless manhood making hirelings
clear the way—
A glorious Faugh at Ballagh! which to hear is to
obey,
For Ireland at the Dawning of the Day!

Be patient, calm and prudent; let your little quarrels
die;
Be firm of foot and strong of arm, with steady
gazing eye:

THE DAWNING OF THE DAY.

The ground ye tread is holy ground, and God is still
on high,
For Ireland at the Dawning of the Day!

The victory belongs to those who to themselves are
true—

The tree of life is standing, ripely laden, full in view.
If ye would have the fruitage be prepared to dare
and do

For Ireland at the Dawning of the Day!

I behold a nation rising from the ashes of the past.
I see a host advancing with its shadow backward
cast.

I see a line of heroes where the greatest is the last
In Ireland at the Dawning of the Day!

I behold a people coming from the confines of the
earth—

The women with the children who have had a higher
birth—

THE DAWNING OF THE DAY.

And men who have about them all the sanctities of
worth
For Ireland at the Dawning of the Day!

These are the Irish people of a day that's drawing
near;
The night of grief is gone at last, the dawn is almost
here;
No more they sit in sorrow, Oh! no more they
shrink in fear
For Ireland at the Dawning of the Day!

The noises of the night are breaking into joyous
song;
The millions are arising who have toiled in sorrow
long;
Unconquered thro' the ages, in their virtue great
^{Yours} and strong,
For Ireland at the Dawning of the Day!

A SONG OF ZION.

We are coming, we are coming. Fling our banner
to the breeze.

In thousands we are coming from beyond remotest
seas.

We are coming after centuries of sorrow and of toil,
To make our home in Palestine, and tread its holy
soil.

O, let the song of gladness rise; let all the nations
hear

The anthem of the mighty host of Zion drawing
near.

Across the mountains, through the vales, and o'er
the ocean's foam,

Behold the hosts of Israel are coming, coming home!

A SONG OF ZION.

"Twas said of old by one whose lips were touched
by Heaven's fire,

That God's own house would be bulit up, than hills
and mountains higher;

That from its portals would go forth to all the world
the word,

That we may learn His ways, and walk in truth
before the Lord;

That sword and spear would broken be, rewrought
to arts of peace;

That all the cruelty of war and strife fore'er would
cease;

That nation shall not lift up sword 'gainst nation,
as of yore,

But listen to the voice of God and learn of war no
more.

O, Children of the Covenant, perhaps the day is
near—

Even now, if you will listen, you may hear the ac-
cents clear

A SONG OF ZION.

Of One who calls the scattered brood—"Come to
Me! children, Come!

My hills are vacant. Here I Am. I bid ye wel-
come home!"

Then answer—"We are coming! Fling our banner
to the breeze!

In thousands we are coming from beyond remotest
seas.

We are coming after centuries of sorrow and of toil,
To make our home in Palestine and tread its holy
soil."

O, let the songs of gladness rise, let all the nations
hear

The anthem of the mighty host of Israel drawing
near.

Across the mountains, through the vales, and o'er
the ocean's foam,

Behold the hosts of Israel are coming, coming home!

THE JEWISH NEW YEAR, 5660.

When chaos lay beneath God's hand,
And there was neither eve nor morn,
The heavens answered His command,
Broke into light, and day was born!

Together sang the stars, and all
The hosts of heaven chorus'd clear;
Then deep to deep was heard to call
A greeting to the first New Year.

It was the Malchior they sang,
Proclaiming God the sovereign King:
Through all the host of space it rang,
And it will never cease to ring.

THE JEWISH NEW YEAR, 5660.

Then send your voices from the shore
Of time until all things are done:—
“The Lord will reign forevermore!
O! Israel, your God is One!”

Remember, in this day of life,
The thrilling memories of the past:
He led you safe thro’ fear and strife,
And He will lead you to the last.

From slavery He led you free,
You children of His word and will,
O’er desert waste and stormy sea
He led you, and He leads you still.

The blast of Shophar—hear it swell!
O! Israel awake, arise!
Remember, O! Remember well!
“Remember!” soul to soul replies.

THE JEWISH NEW YEAR, 5660.

O, hear the call! Eternity
May touch your feet ere it be morn;
Another year and you may be
Beyond the sound of Shophar horn.

The work of life unfinished lies:
You ask a blessing—have you blest
The bleeding heart, the weeping eyes,
And to the weary given rest?

Have you through this departed year
The path of duty firmly trod,
Not faltering, with doubt and fear,
But trusting in the word of God?

Behold, advancing from afar,
An army terrible and fierce;
Its banners blazoned for the war,
Its spears aligned your hearts to pierce.

THE JEWISH NEW YEAR, 5660.

Up! Up! and face the dreadful foe,
For you have arms to make them flee—
God-given arms to overthrow
The sinful host and set you free!

Then pardon, peace, and joy, and love,
With happiness will fill your days,
And God, who watches from above,
Will bless you in your works and ways.

EN-SOF.

אשר מלאתי רוח חכמה.

I number up my jewels, spread them all before your
gaze;

I show you things of beauty, but I cannot give
you sight;

I'm speaking words of wisdom—you may laugh and
go your ways—

God alone gives understanding—His love alone
is light.

I look into infinity from pinnacles of time;

The Seer beholds the myriads advancing from
afar;

Still higher, ever higher, rising beautiful, sublime,
Flaming oceans disincarnate, each particle a star.

EN SOF.

Bright stars, they are not suns nor moons, though
these their raiment be;
Twin essences in all exist, the Wisdom and the
Word.

Thrones, principalities, powers, Sephiroth, mystery
Of time and space, with God's sweet grace, obey
for they have heard.

A grain of sand has mysteries as vast as time and
space,
The brain that thinks, the hand that works are
instruments of love.

Unless that spirit be your guide, there is no hope of
grace
Throughout the whole wide universe—on earth,
in heaven above.

Transfigured you may witness on the pages I unroll
The spirit of the Central Sun—the One, the Three,
the Two.

EN SOF.

Infinite love and beauty joined, the all-pervading soul;

Source of all things, the fathomless, the absolutely true.

O, Earth! now drenched in blood of war, the crimes of greed and creed,

Of men imploring mercy, tho' all mercy they denied,

Behold the Sower soweth, thou wilt fructify the seed,
Till from thy tortured furrows comes a harvest glorified.

The missionaries preaching, then the traders with their rum—

Their bibles, cottons, gun-machines, O! Blessed Is! I see,

To civilize, to Christianize, to make their fact'ries hum,

Men toil like slaves, they die like dogs, and call that Liberty!

EN SOF.

But he who knows the world, Aziah, action—what
to do,

Instructed by Yetzirah, world formation—clear
seeing,

Where stands revealed in Briah, world-wide thres-
hold to the true,

Is free from all these ills of life with Atziloth being.

Great jewels I have numbered four, but these are
counted ten,

Yet only three by you are seen, the fourth is in
them all,

Still it is non-existent to the grasp and thought of
men,

Though it contains infinity—all things both great
and small.

I look into the glories of a time that is to come:
The angel with a flaming sword shall pass from
Eden's gate.

Then Man shall enter in again, returning to his home,
Triumphant over time and death, in strength of
wisdom great.

EN SOF.

All nightmare gods of earth shall die, their altars
overthrown

Shall lie neglected; priests no more shall libel
Heaven's King,

Nor stand to sell salvation where their temples over-
grown

Are mounds beneath the forest trees where happy
wildbirds sing.

Behold Man is preparing earth for still another
change;

With robbery and slaughter he is ravaging the
globe,

With sateless maw and pocket, see the rav'ning
monster range,

But neither satisfying, leaves at last an empty
robe!

Hark! Seraphim and Cherubim, the Voice that
speaks between;

Love, Purity, Obedience, Nitzach the Victory—

EN SOF.

Proclaim the gift I freely give—with that which is
unseen—

That you may be in truth set free, and meet me
by and bye

With Prinedoms, in humility, you yet may know
the truth,

With angels by the study of the Law Divine may
stand;

Tiphereth then is yours for aye, within the high
Malkhuth—

With One Supreme Obedience that gives the last
command.

Thus numbered are my jewels, thus all spread before
your gaze.

I've shown you things of beauty, but I cannot give
you sight.

I've spoken words of wisdom—you may laugh and
go your ways.—

God alone gives understanding—His love alone
is light.

THE NINTH OF AB.*

לא אליכם כל עברי דרד הביטו וראו אם יש
מכאוב כמכאובי אשר עלל לי אשר הונח יהוה
ביום חרו אפו : איךה : איב.

I.

Oh, vain for hand of mine to strike this harp of
golden strings
Made holy by the blood and tears of prophets,
priests and kings,
Swept by the wind of Babylon, washed by the bitter
sea,
Dare I its sleeping spirit wake, Oh Israel, for thee!

*On the 9th of Ab, the fifth month in the Hebrew Calendar, Jerusalem was taken by the Romans under Titus C. E. 70. There is a Jewish tradition that the temple will be restored on the same day.

THE NINTH OF AB.

II.

Shall I to mourning hearts recall the record of their
sins,
Where age in lamentation ends, and youth in grief
begins,
Since Titus thundered at thy gates with legioned
ranks of Rome,
While scattered far in heathen lands thy children
dream of home?

III.

There is no sorrow like to thine; enduring as thy
fame
It dwells with thee forever in a memory of flame
Unquenchable, though streams of blood upon it ever
pour,
Since tower and temple, hall and home went down
to rise no more.

THE NINTH OF AB.

IV.

Oh, who can tell the fearful tale? Thy anguish who
can know?

It fills the corridors of time with one long wail of
woe,

The pity of it wrings my heart! When will thy sor-
row cease?

Oh, Israel! beloved of God, whēn will He give thee
peace?

V.

The earthquake, fire and tempest wind have sought
thy hope to blast;

Be patient, and thou yet shalt hear the still, small
voice at last.

Though gory footprints mark thy way, along the
shores of time,

In all the ways of earth there is no pathway so
sublime.

THE NINTH OF AB.

VI.

God-given is the heritage of suffering and pain.
By it the glories that were thine shall yet be thine
again.
The rapture of thy sacrifice is what thou lovest best ;
Nor gold, nor gems, nor vows, nor pray'rs can ever
make thee blest.

VII.

Think not because the voice of God is heard no
more on earth
That He forgets His covenant, or deems it little
worth.
Still fix thy gaze on Zion's hill. He yet will hear
thy prayer;
And on some Ninth of Ab shall end the years of thy
despair.

THE NINTH OF AB.

VIII.

Oh, Christians look to Israel, the Guardian of the
Law,

And bare your heads, as is your wont, when over-
come with awe.

Sublime, pathetic, ancient, wise, he stands the unper-
turbed,

A testimony to mankind that God shall keep His
word.

THE DEVIL AND DEATH DEFEATED.

ADAPTED FROM THE MIDRASH.

The devil wandering up and down
The earth one summer day
Fell in love with a maiden fair,
He met upon his way.
Assuming mortal guise he wooed
That maiden for his bride;
O, he was young, and rich, and grand,
And would not be denied.

What could she do but love him too?
And soon they wedded were.
O, she was very fond of him,
And he was fond of her.

THE DEVIL AND DEATH DEFEATED.

But he had much to do at times,
And often stayed out late,
At which she fretted, jealous grew,
Bemoaning her sad fate.

She often wept, and then she pined,
Then she began to scold,
Till the devil wished himself in hell
Again—out of the cold.
To them, in time, a son was born,
Who on its parents smiled ;
All its immortal father's love
Was centred on the child.

But as it grew to man's estate
The mother's nature changed,
Because the Devil stayed out late
And all her plans deranged.
Her beauty turned to ugliness,
Her love was turned to hate,
The Devil bitterly bemoaned
The hardship of his fate.

THE DEVIL AND DEATH DEFEATED.

So wretched was he in his home,
Her tongue so sharp and coarse,
He pray'd the Overlord of all
To grant him a divorce.
But he was told that having wed
A mortal woman he
Must bear his burden to the end,
Whenever that would be.

One day the Devil told his son
The secret of his birth,
And swore he'd give him anything
That he might want on earth.
The son became a doctor and,
Thanks to his father dread,
His fame was spread thro' all the land
As one who raised the dead.

"You'll know," the Devil said, "when you
Behold me drawing nigh
The patient lying on his bed,
If he must live or die.



THE DEVIL AND DEATH DEFEATED

THE DEVIL AND DEATH DEFEATED.

If to his feet I come and stand,
 Have little doubt or fear;
If to his head, you may be sure
 That death is drawing near."

The Doctor fell in love one day,
 As doctors sometimes do,
The maiden of his choice was fair,
 And young, and good, and true.
But e'er he could his passion speak,
 The plague was in the town,
And, passing, kissed her on the cheek,
 And she was stricken down.

Beside her bed the Doctor sat
 And strove most skilfully
To save her life, more dear to him
 Than ought on earth could be.
When, suddenly from out the gloom,
 He saw a presence dread—
His father stood within the room,
 Anear the patient's head.

THE DEVIL AND DEATH DEFEATED.

"O! spare my love;" the Doctor cried.

"She must not—shall not die!"

The Devil said, "I must obey

The order from on high.

There is no power to change her fate,

No higher and no other."—

"There is! There is! I'm not too late!

I'll go and call my mother!"

At that the Devil took to flight,

Nor stayed a moment longer.

"There is a power of greater might,"

The Doctor said, "and stronger

Than death or hell. I've proved it here,

Dispute the fact can no man,

More bitter than the grave—the fear

Of a jealous, vengeful woman!"

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